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"TILL DEATH DO US PART."

BY J. E. S.

In every Love-treaty, Death goes to the reckoning;
And now he is closing on yours and mine:
We have battled him bravely from line to line,
Till at last he is with us, his lean hand beckoning.

O Love! though my hand on the helm be slackening,
And a heart from a heart is hard to untwine,
Our dark night of sorrow brings brighter awakening;
The conqueror carries a message divine,
Of a treaty where Death has no part in the reckoning,
And Love evermore shall be yours and mine.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN she woke in the morning with the scent of the honeysuckle wafting across her face, Margaret could almost have persuaded herself that Leyton Court was a vision of a dream, and that she should find herself presently on her way to the art school at Kensington amidst all the London noise and smoke. To most Londoners the country in June is a dream of Paradise: what must it have been to this young girl with the soul of an artist, with every nerve throbbing in sympathy with the sky, the flowers, the songs of the birds?

Like a vision herself, her plainly-made morning dress of a soft, dove color, and fitting her slim young figure with the grace of a well-made garment that can afford to be plain, she ran down the oak stairs into the parlor. But Mrs. Hale was not there, and Mary, who glanced with shy admiration at the lovely face and pretty dress, said that she had gone to see the butler.

"You will find her in the pantry, miss, if you like. It is at the end of this passage, to the right. You can't miss it, miss."

But Margaret did miss it, for her idea of a pantry was a small place in the nature of a cupboard, whereas the pantry at the Court was a large and spacious room, and Margaret, seeing nothing to answer to her idea, opened a door, entered, and found herself before another door, opened that, discovered that she was in a round kind of lobby surrounded like, Blue Beard's chamber, with other doors, and all at once learned that she had lost herself.

It was a ridiculous position to be placed in, and an annoying one, for she felt that her grandmother would be vexed by Margaret's venturing out of their own apartments.

But she did not know what to do; it was impossible, having turned round in the circular lobby and lost count of the door, to regain it again, and in semi-comic despair, she opened the door opposite her, intending to walk on until she met a servant of whom she could ask her way back to Mrs. Hale's apartments.

She found herself presently and quite suddenly in a short corridor, at the end of which a stream of vari-colored light poured from a stained window; there was the reflection also of gilt frames and heavy hangings, and, rather awed, Margaret was for turning back, when she saw a footman pass with noiseless footsteps across the thick Oriental carpet at the end of the corridor.

She called to him, and hurried after him, but before she could reach him he had disappeared as if by magic, evidently without hearing her suppressed voice, and she found herself standing at the entrance to a magnificent picture gallery, which seemed to run an interminable length and lose itself in a distant vista of ferns and statuary.

Margaret literally held her breath as she peered in through the velvet curtains.

There, line upon line, hung what was no doubt one of the collections of the kingdom—and she within the threshold of it.

Her mouth, metaphorically, began to water; her large dark eyes grew humid with wistfulness.

What cream is to a cat, water to a duck, *pate de foie gras* to a gourmet, an Elzivir to a bookworm, that is a picture gallery to an artist.

She could resist the temptation no longer. The place was crowned, as it were, with silence and solitude; no one would see her or know that she had been there, and she would only stay five—ten minutes.

Eve could not resist temptation—being doubtless fond of apples; Margaret could not resist being fond of pictures. And yet, if she had only known what was to follow upon this visit to Leyton Court, if there had only been some kind guardian angel to whisper:

"Fly, Margaret, my child! Fly from this spot where peril and destruction await thee!"

But, alas! our guardian angels always seem to be taking a bank holiday just on the days when we most need them, and Margaret's angel was silent as the tomb.

Pushing the heavily-bullioned curtain aside she entered the gallery, and an exclamation of surprise and delight broke from her lips.

It was a priceless collection: Rubens, Vandyck, Titians, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Cuyp, Jan Steen; all the masters were here, and at their best.

The soul of the girl went into her eyes, her face grew pale, and her breath came in long-drawn sighs; as she moved noiselessly on the thick Turkey carpet, which stretched itself like a glittering snake over the marble floor before the pictures.

What jewels were to some women, and dress to others, pictures were to Margaret.

She was standing wrapped in ecstacy before a head of Guido, her hands clasped and hanging loosely in front of her, her face upturned, a picture as beautiful as the one upon which she gazed, when she suddenly became aware, without either seeing or hearing, but with that sense which is indescribable and nameless, that she was not alone, but that someone else had entered the gallery.

The consciousness affected her strangely, and for a moment she did not move eye or limb; then, with an effort, she turned her head and saw a tall figure standing a few paces from the doorway.

It was that of an old man, with white hair and dark—piercingly dark—eyes. He was clad in a velvet dressing-gown, whose folds fell around the thin form and gave it an antique expression, which harmonized with the magnificence and silence of the gallery.

The eyes were bent on her, not sternly, not curiously, but with a calm, steadfast regard, which affected her more than any expression of anger could have done.

She stood quite still, her heart beating wildly, for she knew, though she had never seen him, that it must be the earl himself.

Margaret stood perfectly still, her eyes downcast, yet seeing quite plainly the tall patrician figure enveloped in the folds of violet velvet.

What should she do? Pass by him without a word, or murmur some kind of an apology? How upset and annoyed her grandmother would be when she heard of her trespass, and its discovery by the earl, of all people. And the earl himself, what was he thinking of her? He was no doubt setting her down, in his mind, as an ill-bred, forward girl who had intruded herself out of sheer impudence! The idea was almost unendurable, and smarting under it, the color came slowly into her face and her lips quivered.

Meanwhile the earl, who had been indifferently wondering who she was, moved slowly, his hands behind him, along the gallery and towards her. His movements nerved her, and bending her head she made for the door, but slowly. The earl may have thought that she was one of the higher servants, but as she came nearer—for she had to pass him to leave the gallery—he must have seen that she was not one of the establishment, which was far too numerous for him to be familiar with.

"Do not let me drive you away," he said, in a low-toned, but exquisitely clear and musical voice, which had so often moved his fellow peers in the Upper House.

"I am going," said Margaret, flushing. "I—I ought not to have come."

She had never spoken to a nobleman in her life before, and did not know whether to say "my lord," or "your lordship," at the end of her sentence.

"Ought you not?" he said, with a faint smile crossing his clear cut features.

"No—my lord," she faltered, venturing on that form; "I—I came here by accident. I lost my way. I am very sorry."

"Do not apologize," he said, bending his piercing eyes on her face, and smiling again as he noticed her abashed expression; "it is not a deadly sin. Are you"—he hesitated. It was evident that he did not want to add to her distress and confusion, and was choosing his words—"Are you staying here?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I am staying with Mrs. Hale, my grandmother, my lord."

"Ah, yes!" he murmured. "Yes. Mrs. Hale. Yes, yes. You are her granddaughter? What is your name?"

"Margaret—Margaret Hale," she said.

"And how long have you been here?" he asked.

"I came last night, my lord," said Margaret.

Her courage was coming back to her, and she ventured to raise her eyes and meet his glance. It was a kindly one, though there was still enough to inspire awe in the tall, purple-clad figure, with its grand, patrician face and snowy hair.

"Last night? Yes. And you were on a voyage of discovery——"

"Oh, no, no!" she broke in quickly. "I was looking for Mrs. Hale, and—opened the wrong door; when I came into the corridor outside I saw the pictures, and"—her color rose—"I was tempted to come in," and, with an inclination of the head she was moving away.

His voice stopped her.

"Are you fond of pictures?" he asked, as one of his age and attainments would ask a child.

"Yes," said Margaret simply, refraining even from adding, "very."

His glance grew absent.

"Most of your sex are," he said musingly. "All life is but a picture to most of them. The surface, the surface only"—he sighed very faintly and wearily, and was pacing on, to Margaret's immense relief, as if he had forgotten her, when he stopped, as if moved by a kindly impulse, and said: "Pray come here when you please. The pictures will be glad of your company; they spend a solitary life too often. Yes, come when you please."

"Thank you, my lord," said Margaret quietly, and without any fuss.

Perhaps the reserved and quiet response attracted his attention.

"Which was the picture I saw you admiring when I came in?" he asked. "You were admiring it, I think?"

"It was the head by Guido, my lord," she answered.

He looked at her quickly.

"How did you know it was Guido's?" he asked; and he went and stood before the picture, looking from it to her.

Margaret stared. How could it be possible for any intelligent person not to know?

"It is easy to tell a Guido, my lord," she said, with a slight smile. "One has only to see one of them once, and I have seen them in the National Gallery fifty—a hundred times."

He looked at her, not curiously—the Earl of Ferrers, famed for his exquisite courtesy, could not have done that—but with a newly-born interest.

"Yes? Do you recognize other masters here? This, for instance?"

He raised his hand, and it stood out like snow in front of the violet velvet, and a large amethyst on the forefinger gleamed redly in the downward light.

"That is a Carlo Dolci, my lord; but not a very good one.

"Right in both assertions," he said, with a smile. "And this?"

"A Rubens, and a very fine one," she said, forgetting his presence and grandeur, and approaching the picture. "I have never seen more beautiful coloring in a Rubens—but I have not seen the Continental galleries. It would look better still if it were not hung so near that De la Roche; the two clash. Now, if the other Rubens on the opposite side were placed ——"

She remembered herself now, and suddenly stopped, confused and shamefaced.

"Pray go on," he said gently. "You would hang them side by side? Yes. You are right! Tell me who painted this;" and he inclined his head towards a heavy battle piece.

"I do not know, my lord," said Margaret.

He smiled.

"It is a pleasant discovery to find that your knowledge is not illimitable," said he. "It is a Wouvermans."

Margaret looked at it, and her brows came together, after a fashion peculiar to her when she was thinking deeply, displeased, or silent under pressure.

"Well?" he said, as if he had read her thoughts. "What would you say?"

"It is not a Wouvermans, my lord," she said.

The earl smiled, and stood with folded hands regarding her.

"No, my lord. That is, I think not. It is not even a copy, but an imitation—oh, forgive me!" she broke off, blushing.

"No, no!" he said gently; "there is nothing to forgive. Tell me why you think so. But I warn you"—and he smiled with mock gravity—"this picture cost several thousand pounds!"

"I can't help it," said Margaret, desperate on behalf of truth. "It is not a Wouvermans! He never painted a horse like that—never! I have copied dozens of his pictures: I should know a horse of his if I met it in the streets, my lord;" and her eyebrows came together again in almost piteous assertion.

He looked at the picture keenly, then, with a slight air of surprise, he said:

"I think you are right! But it is a clever forgery——"

"Oh, clever!" said Margaret, with light scorn.

"Are you an artist?" he asked, after a second's pause.

"Yes, my lord," she said modestly.

"Yes! Ah, I understand your inability to keep outside the gallery. An artist"—his piercing eyes rested on her downcast face—"my pictures are honored by your

attention, Miss Hale. Permit me to repeat my invitation. I hope you will pay the gallery many visits. If you should care to copy any of the pictures, pray do so!"

"Oh, my lord!" said Margaret, her face lighting up as if a ray of sunshine had passed across it.

There was no ill-bred admiration in his grey eyes, only a deep and steady regard.

"Copy any you choose," he said. "As to the De la Roche——"

He paused, for a hurried footstep was heard behind them, and Mrs. Hale's voice anxiously calling "Margaret."

At sight of the earl she stopped short, turned pale, and dropped a profound curtsey.

"Oh, my lord! I—we—beg your pardon! My granddaughter lost her way——" then she seemed unable to go any further.

The earl turned to her with the calm, impassive manner he had worn when Margaret had seen him first.

"Do not apologize, Mrs. Hale," he said. "Your granddaughter is perfectly welcome. She is an artist, I hear?"

"Yes, my lord," faltered the old lady, as if she were confessing some great sin of Margaret's.

"Yes, and a capable one I am sure. She will probably like to copy some of the pictures. Please see that she is not disturbed."

Then, leaving the old lady overwhelmed and bewildered, he inclined his head to Margaret and moved away. But as he raised the heavy curtain at the end of the gallery, he turned and looked aside at her with a grave smile.

"The De la Roche shall be re-hung, and the false Wouvermans removed." Then murmuring, "Would that it were as easy to depose every other false pretender!" he let the curtain fall, and disappeared.

Margaret stood looking after him, her brows drawn together dreamily, and seemed to awake with a little start when, with a gasp, the old lady turned to her, exclaiming:

"Well, Margaret! To think that the earl—that his lordship—that—that——! When I came in and saw him with you here, I felt fit to sink into the ground! Oh, my dear, however did you come here?"

"'My wayward feet were wont to stray',' quoted Margaret, with a laugh.

"What do you say?"

"Oh, it was only a line from a poem, grandmamma. I lost my way, and the earl came and found me——"

"And—and spoke? And he wasn't angry? My dear, if I had been in your place I should have longed for the earth to open and swallow me up!"

Margaret laughed softly.

"I think I did desire something of that kind, grandma," she said, looking at the picture nearest her. "If it had I am sure the earl would have been polite enough to stretch out his hand and pluck me from the yawning gulf. He is very kind, and not really so terrible and awe-inspiring as one might expect. I don't think I have ever seen an earl before except in the illustrated magazines."

"Polite—oh, yes, he is polite. His lordship would be polite if he found a—a rattlesnake here, my dear. It is his nature: he couldn't help it."

"Thanks, grandma," said Margaret, but her gentle irony was lost on the old lady, who continued sententiously:

"Of course, you mustn't pay any attention to what he said; you mustn't take advantage of his offer about the copying of the pictures. Good gracious! as if you'd take such a liberty!"

Margaret opened her eyes.

"I certainly did think of taking it," she said.

"Oh, dear, no; it would never do!" exclaimed the old lady. "It was only politeness on his part to make you feel at your ease, and to show that he wasn't angry. As to his meaning it, why of course he didn't!"

"I had an impression that great noblemen like the earl always meant what they said; but that's only my ignorance, grandma, and, of course, I'll do as you wish. But," with a wistful glance down the gallery, "I had looked forward to painting some of them."

"Well, never mind, my dear," said the old lady soothingly, "you can come and look at them—sometimes, when the earl's out or away from the Court. It would never do for him to find you here alone again."

"No. I suppose next time he wouldn't find it incumbent upon him to be polite. Well, let's go now, grandma," and she turned with a sigh.

"Not that way!" exclaimed Mrs. Hale in a horrified whisper, as Margaret went towards a door; "that leads direct to his lordship's private apartments."

Margaret laughed.

It is quite evident that I musn't venture out of your room alone again, grandma, or I shall get into serious trouble!"

"That you certainly will. But it's excusable, my dear; there aren't many places so big, and such a maze like. It took me even a long time to find my way about.

She opened the proper door as she spoke, and nearly ran against a portly gentleman, who was dignified looking enough to be the earl's brother.

"Bless my heart, Mr. Stibbins!" cried Mrs. Hale.

The butler puffed out a response in a hushed voice—everybody's voice was hushed at Layton Court—then looked at Margaret and made a respectful bow.

"My grand-daughter, Margaret, Mr. Stibbings," said the old lady proudly.

The butler appeared surprised. He had taken her for a visitor, and had been wondering how on earth she got into the place without his knowing it!

"In—deed, Mrs. Hale! Glad to see you, miss."

"Yes, Mr. Stibbings; and would you believe it she's been in our picture gallery and——"

But Mr. Stibbings seemed to be too hurried and full of suppressed excitement to attend.

"Mrs. Hale, ma'am, you'll scarcely credit but——" he drew nearer and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the old lady. "Dear, dear, me! What is to be done? Will he stay, do you think? You'll let me know at once, there will be a great deal to see to——"

"Yes, yes," said the butler. "I'm going to find out. He has only just been announced. I don't know yet whether the earl will see him. Extraordinary, isn't it?" and he hurried on his way.

"Ex—tra—ordinary!" responded the old lady, staring at Margaret.

"What has happened, grandma?" asked Margaret with a laugh.

"It's no laughing matter, my dear!" said the old lady, gravely. "Lord Blair Leyton has come!"

"Has he?" said Margaret with less interest than the matter deserved.

"Yes, and who knows what will happen. Perhaps the earl won't see him. Perhaps they won't meet after all!"

"I suppose they won't kill each other if they do, will they?" said Margaret.

The old lady looked at her aghast. Such levity was terrible.

"My dear," she said, "you don't know what you are talking about! Kill each other! The earl and his nephew! Why, however could you say such a think? Great people never fight, let alone killing each other."

CHAPTER IV.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Larkhall, the valet, had gone to the earl's sitting room and made the announcement,—

"Lord Leyton, my lord!"

The earl raised his steel-grey eyes and frowning slightly said, "Lord Leyton?" without any expression of surprise.

"Yes, my lord," said the valet, with the proper impassiveness of a high-class servant.

The earl kept his eyes on the floor for a moment, then nodded, as an indication that Lord Blair was to be shown in, and Mr. Larkhall went out to the drawing room, where Lord Blair was waiting.

He was looking remarkably well this morning, and there was no trace of his encounter with Mr. Pyke on his handsome face, which with its prevailing suggestion of brightness and good humor, seemed to light up the grand and rather too stately room.

He was dressed in that very comfortable and somewhat picturesque fashion, which is the mode now-a-days, and his shapely limbs displayed themselves, not without grace, in knickerbockers, and a shooting jacket of a wide check, made his broad shoulders look even more vast than they were.

Take him altogether he presented a very fine specimen of the genus man, at its best period, when youth sits at the prow, and pleasure sings joyously at the helm.

"This way, my lord," said Mr. Larkhall, and the young man followed the valet into the earl's room.

As he entered the earl rose and looked at him, and, notwithstanding the sternness of his face, a gleam of reluctant admiration shone in his eyes. He held out the thin white hand.

"How do you do, Blair?" he said.

Lord Blair shook the hand.

"I hope you're well, sir?" he said, and the light, musical voice seemed to ring through the room, in its contrast to the elder man's subdued tones.

The earl waved his hand to a chair and sank back into his own.

Then a silence ensued. It was evident that the earl expected the young viscount to account for his presence, and that Lord Blair found it rather hard to begin.

"Not had the gout lately, I hope, sir?" he said.

"Thanks, no; not very lately," replied the earl.

"I'm glad of that," said Lord Blair. "I shouldn't have liked to worry you while you were ill—and—and I ought to apologise for coming uninvited——"

It was palpable that he was not used to apologizing, and he did it awkwardly and bluntly.

The earl waved his hand.

"You are always free to come to the Court, Blair; you know that, I trust?"

He did not say that he was welcome, or that he, the earl, was glad to see him.

"Thanks," said Lord Blair. "I shouldn't have come if I hadn't been obliged—I mean," with a smile at his clumsiness, "I mean I wanted to see you particularly on business——"

"Business?" said the earl, raising his eyebrows slightly. "Would not Messrs. Tyler and Driver——"

Tyler and Driver were the family solicitors.

"No," said Lord Blair; "I didn't think so. The fact is, sir, that I'm in a scrape."

He said it with an air of surprise that made the earl smile dryly.

"Yes; I suppose you'll say I always am. Well, I dare say I am. By George, I don't know how it is, either, for I'm always trying hard to keep out of them."

"Is it money—this time?" inquired the earl, with an impassiveness that was worse than any exhibition of ill-humor.

"Yes; it's money this time," assented Lord Blair laughing slightly, but coloring. "The fact is——" he paused. "I don't know whether you saw that my horse, 'Daylight,' lost the Chichester Stakes?"

"I don't read the racing news," said his lordship gravely.

"Ah, I forgot. Well, it did. The fool of a jockey pulled at him too long, and—but I'm afraid you would not understand, sir."

"Most probably not," was the dry response.

"Anyway, he lost, and, as I had backed him very heavily—too heavily as it turned out—I lost a hatful of money. I've had a run of ill luck all the season, too," he continued, as cheerfully as if he were recounting luck of quite another kind. "So I find myself completely up a tree. I don't like asking you for any more money, I seem to have had such a tremendous lot, don't you know, and it occurred to me that there was the Ketton property, and I could raise the money on that."

The earl's face darkened.

"Of course I know I needn't have troubled you about it," went on Lord Blair, "but I promised you I wouldn't raise any more money without letting you know, and so—well, here I am," he wound up cheerfully.

The earl sat perfectly still and looked at the carpet.

"Blair," he said, at last, "you are on the road to ruin!"

"It's not so bad as that, sir, I hope," said the young man after a rather startled stare and pause.

"You are a spendthrift and a gambler," continued the earl, his face hardening at each word.

Lord Blair's face flushed.

"That's rather strong, isn't it, sir? he said, quietly.

"It is the truth—the plain truth," retorted the earl quickly. "You are twenty-five, and you have run through—flung to the wind, destroyed—nearly your own property. Only Ketton remains, and that is, you tell me, to go. What do you expect me to say? Have you no conscience, no sense of decency? But indeed the question is unnecessary, you have none."

The young man arose, and on his handsome countenance came a look that bore a faint resemblance to that on the old man's face.

"What do you mean?" he asked shortly.

The earl raised his eyes.

"With this ruin impending over you, you come to me to ask my sanction of the last step, and on the way here you amuse yourself by indulging in a vulgar ale-house brawl with one of my people, outside of my gates—within sight of the house!"

Lord Blair sank into the chair and smiled.

"Oh, that," he said easily,—"oh, that was nothing, sir. That fellow deserved all he got and more. 'Pon my word I couldn't help it. It was—but you've heard all about it I daresay."

"I heard that you had a vulgar quarrel with one of the worst characters in the place, and indulged in a fight with him, sir," said the earl, his eyes flashing for a moment, then growing hard and cold. "But I forget. You say it was nothing. That which I deem degrading, the future earl of Ferrers may regard differently. But this may I be permitted to ask; that you will choose some other locality than Leyton for the exhibition of your brutality?"

A hot response sprang to the lips of Lord Blair, but with an effort he choked it back.

"We won't say any more about the affair, sir," he said, "except that if it were to be done again I'd do it."

"I don't doubt you sir!" said the earl coldly.

There was a pause, then the young man rose.

"I take it I can raise the money on Ketton then?" he said.

The earl stared at the floor moodily.

"Hartwell gone, Parkfield mortgaged to the hilt, and now Ketton. What next, sir? Thank Heaven you cannot play ducks and drakes with this place or you would do it, I suppose! But I could forgive you all you have done if you had spared Violet Graham."

The color mounted to the young man's face, and he bit his lip.

"In her, and her alone, lay your chance of salvation. You flung it away as ruthlessly as you have flung away your property. You have ruined yourself and broken her heart, and then you sit there smiling—"

As if he could endure it no longer, Lord Blair rose.

"Broken her heart! Broken Violet's heart!" he repeated with mingled amazement and incredulity. "Good Heavens, who told you that? I don't believe she has a heart to break! We—we broke off the match by mutual agreement. She was quite jolly about it! She—oh, come, sir, you don't know Violet as well as I do. I'll answer for it she thinks herself well out of it; as she is, by George! Any woman would get a bad bargain in me, I'm afraid!"

"I wish that I could contradict you," said the earl grimly. "I pity any woman who trusts herself to your tender mercies. As for Violet I am glad that she has escaped; but your conduct was dishonorable—"

The young man's face paled, and his hands clinched with a passion of which he had shown no trace during the fight of yesterday.

"That will do sir," he said, in a low voice. "No man, not even you, has a right to use such a word to me! I tell you it would have been dishonorable to keep from it! I'm going! As to Ketton, it's my own——"

"For the present," put in the earl, with fearful sarcasm.

—"And I can do what I like with it! I'd rather sell it twenty times over than marry Violet Graham, and get her mony to save it! Good-bye, sir!" he was going out of the room with this brief farewell, but at the door he paused, and striding back held out his hand.

"Look here, sir!" he said, his voice softening, a gentler light coming into his eyes. "Don't let us part like this! Heaven knows when we shall meet again; if ever we do! I may have to clear out of England! I've some thoughts of going in for sheep farming out West, or I may break my neck at the next steeplechase. Anyhow, let us part friends"

The earl waved him to the chair.

If he had grasped the extended hand the warm heart of the young man would have forgiven all the hard words that had been spoken—forgiven and forgotten them.

"Sit down, please. You are right. Words are of no avail between us. In regard to your proposition, I am averse to it. I will give you the money. What is the amount you want?"

Lord Blair looked surprised, then grave.

"Thanks, sir," he said. "But I would rather you didn't. I have had too much from you already. I'm ashamed to think how much. I'm a spendthrift and a fool, as you say, but for the future I will spend only my own. I'm not ungrateful for all you have given me! No, but—I can't take any more from you."

The earl's lips came together tightly. He bowed.

"I have no right to combat your resolution," or to prevent your ruining yourself in your own fashion. After all, it matters little whether the Jews have Ketton now or later; they will get it one time or the other, doubtless."

"I'm afraid they will," said Lord Blair, with a short sigh; then he rose. "Well, I'm off, sir."

"Stay!" said the earl; "our quarrel—if it

can be called one—is over. You will oblige me by remaining for one night at least. I do not wish it to be said all over the county that we could not exist for twenty-four hours under one roof, as it will be said if you go at once. Stay if you please."

"If you wish it, sir, certainly," said Lord Blair, not very joyously. "But I'm afraid I shall bore you dreadfully, you know."

"The boring will be mutual, I have no doubt," said the earl grimly. "I may remind you that we need meet only at dinner."

"That's true," said Lord Blair frankly. "Well, until then, I'll walk round the place."

The earl inclined his head, and rang the bell which stood at his elbow.

"Lord Leyton will remain here to-night," he said to Larkhall.

The servant held the door open for Lord Blair to pass out, and hurried off to tell Mr. Stibbings and Mrs. Hale the remarkably extraordinary news that the future earl was to sleep at the house which would some day be his own.

Lord Blair had spent a remarkably bad quarter of an hour, but before he had got halfway down the broad staircase, with its carved balustrades and magnificent oross panelling, he began to shake off the effects with that wonderful good-humored carelessness which had lost him nearly all his lands, and won him so many hearts.

There was not a man in London or Newmarket more beloved than Blair Leyton. Men swore by him, dogs followed him, children fled to him instinctively, and women, alas! gave him their hearts without the asking.

He was, so they declared, irresistible. It was not his handsome face only, they said, not his great strength, nor the gentleness which hid behind it, but something beyond and behind all these which made them to him as the daisies open to the sun.

He was wild as a March hare—wicked, so his uncle, the earl, believed—a spendthrift, and, after a fashion, a gambler; but, with it all, his heart must have been good and in the right place, or all the world of woman kind could not have trusted and loved him.

He went down the stairs into the hall and looked round him with a smile, as if his interview had been of the pleasantest description; then he lit a cigar, and with his hat on the back of his head went out into the warm sunshine.

He walked along the terrace and across the lawns, and then as if by instinct found his way to the stables. And be it remarked, and it is worth noting, that he had not—as many a man in his position would have done—given one glance at the magnificent place with the thought that it would some day be all his.

Strange to say, for an heir, he didn't wish the earl dead. Blair Leyton hankered after no man's property, not even his uncle's; whatever sins may have been laid to his charge, he was innocent of that love of money which is the root of all evil.

So without a spark of envy or covetousness or ill will, he went to the stables and, nodding pleasantly to the head groom, went into the stalls.

Of course the groom knew who he was—the news had spread all over the Court in five minutes!—and was respectful, and, in a second or two, more than that; for Blair's manner was as pleasant with high, low, Jack, and the game all round.

"Some good horses," he said.

The man shook his head doubtfully.

"Some, my lord," he assented. "But not what they ought to be for so big a place—begging your lordship's pardon. You see his lordship, the earl, only has the carriage horses—and them only once now and again—and there's nobody to ride. I try to keep 'em up, but a man loses heart like, my lord."

"I understand," said Lord Blair sympathetically. "It's a pity. Such a fine hunting country.

"Ah, isn't it, my lord?" said the man with a sigh. "If the earl 'ud only take the hounds—but there——" and he sighed.

Lord Blair went up to a black horse and smacked him, a little attention which the animal responded to by launching out viciously.

"Nice nag," said Lord Blair approvingly.

"All but his temper, my lord," said the man. "He's as crooked-minded a hoss as ever I see."

Lord Blair laughed.

"He's straight enough in other ways," he said. "Put a saddle on him and I'll take a turn."

The man hesitated a second.

"He's an awkward one to ride, my lord," he ventured.

"So I should think," said the young man heartily, "but I like them awkward."

The horse was saddled and brought out, and immediately commenced to verify the character bestowed on him.

"Ill-tempered dev—beast, I'll take him back, my lord," said the groom.

With a laugh Lord Blair got into the saddle, and as the horse reared, brought him down in so neat a style, that the groom's misgivings fled.

"All right, my lord," he said, with an approving nod.

"Yes, it's all right," said the young man, with another laugh. "He's rather hot just at present, but he'll come back like a lamb, and I shall be hot, I expect;" and off he rode.

"There!" said the groom to a circle of his helpers, "that's my idea of a young nobleman! There'd be some pleasure and credit in keeping a stable for him."

"What a pity he's such a bad young man," murmured a maid servant, who had crept out to look on.

"He may be a bad young man," retorted the groom sententiously, "but he's a very good rider."

"He's dreadfully handsome," said the girl, with a little sigh, as she ran in again, and they unconsciously expressed the general opinion of the two sexes of Blair, Viscount Leyton!

The announcement that the young lord was to remain the night at the Court threw Mrs. Hale into a state of excitement.

"I must see Mr. Stibbings about the lunch and dinner at once, and there's the room to prepare. I shall have to leave you to yourself to-day, my dear," she said to Margaret. "Bless me, if I'd only had an hour or two's notice I could have got something nice for dinner. The earl doesn't care what it is, and often sends the things away untouched; but a young man from London, and used to the dinners they get there at the London clubs, is very different."

"Don't mind me grandma," said Margaret. "I suppose I can't help you at all?"

"You? Good gracious me, no!" the old lady said quite pityingly.

"Then I'll get my hat and go into the garden," said Margaret.

"Do, my dear, but keep this side of the house, mind, and do not go in front of the earl's windows."

"Very well; I'll take care," laughed Margaret. "I suppose if the earl should happen to catch sight of me twice in one day it would be fatal!—or would he only have a fit?"

But Mrs. Hale fortunately for her, did not hear this.

Margaret went out into the garden, and carefully kept out of sight of the great windows. She was very happy and now and again would break into song.

The garden attached to this wing was a large one, and filled with flowers, and when she came in to lunch she had a large bunch of roses and heliotrope and pinks in her hand.

"There was no notice—'Do not pick the flowers!' grandma. I hope I haven't been very wicked?"

"No, no, my dear," said Mrs. Hale who was in a fine state of flurry. "What a fine boquet you have got!"

"Isn't it?" said Margaret, pluning a red rose in the bosom of her dress. "Where shall I put these?" and she looked around for a vase.

"Anywhere you like, my dear. Oh, Margaret, how nice they would be in Lord Leyton's room! It would make it seem more homely like, do what you will, a room that hasn't been used for months does look cold and formal."

"Doesn't it?" agreed Margaret. "And there is nothing like flowers to take off the effect. His lordship is welcome to them; so there they are, grandma."

"Yes, thank you," said Mrs. Hale hurriedly. "I'll ring for Mary, unless you wouldn't mind running up with them; you'll arrange them decently, while she'll just throw them into a vase."

"Very well. Show me the way, Mary, to Lord Leyton's room," said Margaret as Mary entered.

Mrs. Hale had given him one of the best rooms in the house, and Margaret, who had never seen such an apartment, was lost in admiration of the silken hangings which stood in place of paper on the walls, and the old and priceless furniture.

She arranged the flowers in the deep glass dish, and placed it on the spacious dressing table.

"His lordship ought to be pleased, miss," said Mary, shyly, as they were leaving the room.

Margaret laughed.

"I daresay he will think them very much in the way, and throw them out of the window. I hope he won't throw dish and all," she said.

As she entered Mrs. Hale's sitting room, she saw Mr. Stibbings approaching.

"I have been looking for you, miss," he said. "I have had a table put in the gallery, as his lordship directed, and his compliments, would you like any blinds put to the windows to shade the light?"

"Grandma, he did mean it after all," said Margaret, delightedly. "How kind! Oh, thank him, Mr. Stibbings! No, nothing more. I've got a portable easel and everything, and the light will do very well. I may go now, grandma?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said the old lady absently; "but mind, dear, if you hear the earl coming, you must get up and go away at once."

"Very well," said Margaret, with a smile, and she ran up and got her folding easel and painting materials.

Mr. Stibbings wanted to place a footman at her disposal, but she laughingly declined, and with her impediments under her arm, and her paintbox in her hand, she made her way into the gallery.

"In the future when I hear anyone remark—'as proud as a lord.' I shall correct them and say—'kind as a lord,'" she said to herself.

With all the eagerness of an artist she set up her easel before the picture and commenced at once; and in a few minutes she had becomed absorbed in her work, and was lost to everything save the burning desire to catch something of the spirit of the great original she was copying.

"It is almost wicked to be so great!" she murmured. "How can I do more than libel you, you beautiful face!"

The afternoon glided on unnoticed by her, she heard a great bell booming overhead in a solemn fashion, but she gave it no attention beyond the thought, "the dinner or dressing bell," and went on with her copy.

She was so absorbed that she did not hear someone who had entered the gallery, and it was not until someone stood close beside her that she was conscious of his presence.

With a start she looked up, and saw nothing but a handsome young man in evening dress.

His beauty—of the manliest type—gave her a pleasant sensation—she was an artist remember—but the next moment she recognized him.

It was the young man whom she had called a savage; the gentleman who had fought Jem Pyke. Her eyes grew wide and her lips opened, and she stared at him.

As for him, his astonishment equalled and surpassed hers. He had seen her back as he was passing the door of the gallery, and being unable to resist the temptation to ascertain what the face belonging to such a figure was like, he had entered and softly approached her.

Margaret was a beautiful girl, but she was lovelier than ever when under the spell which falls upon an artist absorbed in her work.

The clear, oval face grew dreamy, the large eyes softer and mystical, and the red lips sweeter with a suggestion of tenderness.

It was the loveliness of the face as well as the recognition of it which struck him—Blair Leyton, of all men—dumb and motionless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROMANCE OF WEDDED LIFE.—"James dear, will you fetch a scuttle of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James with a black frown, as he down laid his book and rose up.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself you have some job or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story, and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows:—"My darling when your are my wife, I will shield and protect you from every care, the winds of Heaven shall not visit your face too roughly, these pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks, your wish shall be my law, your happiness——"

Just then he reappeared, and, bumping the scuttle on the floor, said, "There's your old coal. Give me my book."

Is life worth living?

TRUTH has but one way: the right way.

Bric-a-Brac.

BLIZZARD.—The word "blizzard" was used in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, in the common speech of people of Irish, English, and Scotch, descent, a hundred years ago. Forty years ago and earlier, in the State of Ohio, the word always meant a loud and rapidly-uttered scolding, voluble and excited, but not indicating deep or settled bitter feeling or hatred.

OWNERSHIP OF LAND.—A curious Oriental manner of determining land-tenure relates to small pieces of state lands situated between the boundaries of villages in Asia Minor. One of the villagers, standing upon the steps of a mosque, calls out at the top of his voice, the point beyond which his voice cannot be heard being the limit of the village property. At the neighboring village the same performance is gone through and the land between belongs to the state.

IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION.—There are authors who have a morbid passion for reading everything that is said against them. They subscribe five dollars a year to persons who undertake to send them "cuttings" of everything that is printed about them. An accomplished English journalist was once called upon by one of these bestowers of immortality at second-hand, and besought to become a subscriber. "But, my good sir," urged the journalist, "my unfortunate profession compels me to read the newspapers for myself." "The English newspapers perhaps," rejoined the enterprising agent; "but you have no idea what offensive things are said about you in the Colonies and America."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS—OR TERRORS.—People travelling in countries infested by wolves have no longer any fear of those voracious quadrupeds, provided they equip themselves with a tenor horn. A few weeks ago a gypsy musician in Hungary, going from one village to another through the snow was followed at close quarters by a large wolf. A happy thought suddenly struck the wanderer, and he began to blow his instrument with all the energy of despair. It took immediate effect, his unwelcome attendant squatting down and howling piteously, as dogs will when they hear music. The musician was thus able to reach his destination in safety, as the wolf's nerves were so much upset that at every blast from the horn he stopped short, dreading to advance.

THROWING AS AN ART.—The pugnaciousness of the Coreans has long been traditional, and probably not without reason. At anyrate, in an important northern town, stone-throwing seems to be cultivated as a fine art; and at certain seasons of the year, leave is given for a general fight among the inhabitants, when town-folk and country-folk engage in a war of stones for three days. Sometimes a man is killed but the event is then regarded as a holiday accident, and no notice is taken of it by the authorities. At times, on the country road there, curious figures are seen. On both sides of the way wooden posts are planted, on one face of which is carved a rude representation of a human face with very prominent teeth. The cheeks and teeth are colored, and the whole effect sufficiently fiendish. These figures are intended to frighten away evil spirits from the roads and villages. The mileposts are often similarly decorated.

A POINT OF HONOR.—In Burmah, people of superior rank must not dishonor themselves by passing underneath persons of inferior rank; thus a nobleman must not pass through a passage when a servant is occupied in a chamber above. In Indo-China this opinion is most extensively held. If it were not so strongly prevalent, two-storied houses would be far more common. When a case is held on an upper floor and a woman has to be examined, the whole court will adjourn to the room below rather than bring a female above the heads of persons who may chance to be on the ground-floor. A Buddhist priest—as superior in rank to a layman—even on a friendly visit, will decline to enter a two-storied building. The populous capital of Siam is intersected by numerous canals which are crossed by many bridges; but these bridges are so constructed that the roadways in the centre can be removed. If the king is to pass along a particular route, notice is sent beforehand to the authorities, and the roadways are actually removed till his majesty has gone by, in order that no subject may stand upon the bridge while the sovereign is passing beneath.

CHEERFULNESS is the best promoter of health.

THROUGH THE SILENCE.

BY SUSANNA J.

The world with its false shows must ever move
  Between us who in spirit are as one;
I give you thoughts and pray'rs you know not of,
  And through the silence cometh answer none.

And you may send to me remembrance kind,
  And gentle hopes like angels in their flight;
But no sweet echo of your voice I find
  In all the dreary hours of day and night.

What is this silence that between our lives
  Its gray unchanging tide rolls onward still,
Mocking the wasted tenderness that strives
  To cross the current of its waters chill?

On it's dark shore what treasures have been poured—
  What good that hath been sought for but in vain!
And we who know not where our wealth is stored
  May perish in sad loneliness and pain.

Help lingers near us, though no word is spoken,
  And Life's great labyrinth is strange and vast;
But in the end the silence shall be broken,
  And we shall know each other's hearts at last!

The Rose and Thorn

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," "ONLY ONE LOVE,"

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

SO we are to go to St. Petersburg for the spring then?" said Madame, after a short pause, during which she had studied the anxious expression on the girl's face with a half-sorrowful, half-puzzled air.

"Yes, please," answered Dandie, stroking her hand coaxingly.

"And how would you like us to go into strict retirement at the old place in Piedmont for the next few months? Shall we go and hide ourselves from all these troublesome lovers, and live our own pleasant lives with our flowers and our books and our music, and just a few intimate friends, at Villa Costelli, until it is time to start for the cruel north?"

Dandie pressed her hands together and looked eagerly into Madame's eyes.

"Do you mean it—really, really mean it? And would it not be a punishment to you?"

"Silly child!" said Madame playfully. "Do you think I care one farthing for bustle and excitement and sight-seeing? This autumn's outing was planned entirely on your account, Dandie."

"Oh, how good you are to me—how good!"

"Then we will make our arrangements more carefully this time, or we shall have this bogey of yours turning up again, like the proverbial bad penny. We won't even let Baptiste know of our destination until we are across the Channel; then he can't betray us unintentionally. Why, it's like a fairy-tale, Dandie! You are the lovely princess, and Colonel de Briant is the ugly ogre who persecutes you, and I am the old godmother who watches over you and keeps you from harm; and I suppose Jack Speight will turn out to be the prince, who comes along just in time to save the princess, at the very moment when the ogre drops upon her, the godmother happening to be out of the way."

For answer, Dandie hugged Madame until she called out for mercy, and then the girl ran off to bed.

* * * * * *

De Briant returned to town with Madame and Dandie the next day, and bade them good-bye at the carriage-door.

"Then I may hope to see you next week at Cowes?" were his parting words, as he stepped back on to the pavement, with his hat in his hand.

The ladies bowed and smiled, then disappeared from his view.

Enchanted at the memory of Dandie's placid acceptance of his first attempt at love-making, the Colonel set about smartening up Lord Knaresborough's already beautiful yacht; and he revelled in the anticipation of spending a delightful time on board her, for he had made up his mind that he should, after all, persuade the ladies to yield to his wishes concerning the two months' cruise.

His hopes however were doomed to disappointment.

The second day after his arrival with the yacht at Cowes, he received a short, but polite note from Madame, stating that circumstances had compelled them suddenly to change their plans, and consequently they would not be able to join him at Cowes as arranged.

They both hoped he would have a pleasant cruise, et-ceteras.

The Colonel had never had a reputation for excessive amiability among his male acquaintances; but he was such a bear among the yachtsmen that year that one or two hazarded the opinion that he had been bitten by a mad dog, and that the poison was working in his system.

He returned to London in October, and tried by every means to get news of the fugitives, without avail.

The next news he had of Dandie was as to the triumphant success of her first appearance in St. Petersburg.

He read the account in the paper at his club one bright morning in April, and for a few moments he thought he would run round to his chambers, tell his man to pack his portmanteau, and take the next mail train from Charing Cross, en route for the Russian capital.

But it would have been rather inconvenient to take such a step just then.

His aunt, Lady Challis, had been lying at the point of death for the past fortnight; he was her only relative, and he expected to inherit an income of ten thousand a year from her.

In such circumstances it would have been an outrage on common decency to absent himself.

The thing was not to be thought of; so he sat and gnawed at his moustache viciously, and listened to the conversation between two young Guardsmen at the next table, in his heart to be hoped the letter the waiter was bringing up the room might be for him, and contain the announcement of his respected aunt's death."

"Yes; I met Tim Betterton at Mrs. Brail's crush last night," said Guardsman number one; "he's in the secret service, you know, and he has just come across, traveling night and day, from St Petersburg. He says that Fernande had them from the first bar; they simply went mad over her. He assured me that Prince Filatoff despatched a messenger to his palace for the family diamonds at the end of the first act, and sent them round, with his compliments to her, at the end of the second."

"For a thoroughly well-grown lie, commend me to Tim Betterton" muttered Guardsman number two, with his mouth full.

"It would take a good one to beat him," rejoined his companion. "Another thing he said though sounded more likely. He said that a very high personage indeed remarked that the voice was not quite the most beautiful he had ever heard on the stage, but the face was the most charming he had ever seen. And Tim said that Lady L. actually turned green with anger when she heard it. He has paid a few compliments in that quarter in his time."

"She is an uncommonly good-looking woman is Lady L."

"So she is; but Fernande has got the pull by ten years, good, and youth always gives a woman a big start in a handicap for beauty."

"They must be paying Fernande a pot of money to make it worth her while to stay out of London this year. Old Gilette knows the ropes as well as most people, and she would not have risked the consequences of keeping Fernande out of sight of the London public the whole of her second season, unless the price was very tempting indeed."

"Yes; I daresay she has a keen eye for the main chance. By-the-by, did you ever hear that Fernande was Gilette's daughter?"

De Briant rose impetuously, knocking his chair over in his haste, and stalked away, glaring at the Guardsmen in passing as if he would have liked to knock both of them down.

They looked round to see the cause of the noise.

"How do!" said the elder one of the two to him.

De Briant gave him a very surly nod in reply.

"Know who that is?" continued the young man, turning to his companion. "That's de Briant, late colonel of the——th—one of the biggest amateur hunters of the day. I should think he has killed more big game in the last ten years than any other Englishman."

"Disagreeable-looking beggar," observed number one—"got a wicked look in his eye!"

"Yes; and they tell some queer stories of him among the fellows at the Trappers' Club. I heard one, that was vouched for as true, about a row he got into among the red Indians a year ago. He was caught making love to the chief's favorite squaw, and they were going to tie him up to a tree, and hold an archery-meeting of all the warriors of the tribe, on which occasion he was to play the part of the target. Well, he begged them to grant him one favor, which they promised to do, provided it did not interfere with their revenge. Then he asked them to let him see the squaw; he would not speak to her; he only wanted to have a look at her. After a lot of squabbling they consented, and she was fetched, bound hand and foot, and placed before him. You'd never guess what he did. He sent her off into a mesmeric sleep, from which no one but himself could awake her, you know! and refused to bring her out of it unless they set him free. Talked a lot of trash about taking her to the shadowy land with him, and so on."

"And what was the end of it?"

"They took a solemn oath to let him go unharmed, if he would restore the girl to consciousness, only stipulating that he should go right away from their hunting-grounds, 'and never come back no more,' as the song says."

"Didn't he make a try for the girl, too?"

"I dare say he did; but I didn't hear," remarked his friend carelessly, and then the conversation drifted to other subjects.

Lady Challis seemed in no hurry to take her departure for another world. She was a very old lady, turned seventy-two, and had never missed a chance of enjoying herself during the whole of her long life. She had had her full measure of the good things of this world.

But Lady Challis had found it too pleasant a place to leave it readily, and she fought a hard battle for life all through the bright summer months, while Dandie was winning all hearts up in the cold north, and it was not until June had come to an end that the sturdy dame confessed herself vanquished.

So it happened that by the time de Briant was at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations, Dandie's season in St. Petersburg was over, and she had once more sunk into the oblivion of private life.

All that autumn Colonel de Briant wandered about from one place to another, in the hope of stumbling over Madame and Dandie; but he met with no success.

Although he had never been wanting in confidence, the improvement in his worldly position since his aunt's death had made him more determined than ever to win Dandie.

He was a rich man now, and could afford to make such settlements as would satisfy even Madame Gilette, who had the reputation of liking money, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the luxuries and the position it ensured.

He found it desperately tantalising, this game of hide-and-seek, but he would not give in. He had all through his life generally succeeded in anything he had set his heart on doing, because he had always held on and refused to accept defeat. The more difficult the undertaking, the more determined was he to accomplish it.

Still he was beginning to feel that his blind search for Dandie was rather a hopeless task, when about Christmas time he saw, in a paper devoted to musical news, a notice to the effect that Mr. Blank had succeeded in engaging Mdlle. Fernande, at an enormous salary, for a series of performances at the Royal Italian Opera, extending through May, June and July.

"We believe," the paragraph stated, "it is the intention of the gifted young cantatrice to assume several new roles during this engagement; among others, Marguerite and Giulietta are spoken of."

De Briant go through the next month or two as best he could.

Once a week he drove past the square white house in St. John's Wood, to see if there were any signs of preparation.

At last, about the middle of March, he found the windows open when he passed, and the curtains were taken out of their holland cases and allowed to hang out in the morning air.

Then the drive was re-graveled, and the flower-boxes that had done duty during the owner's absence; and at last one morning he saw the fishmonger's cart standing outside the gate as he passed by.

Two days later he left cards for the ladies.

CHAPTER XI.

DANDIE'S re-appearance in London took place just one week before her twenty-first birthday. Madame Gilette had written to Messrs. Tillotson and Sons, Solicitors, of Bath Row, Birmingham, requesting those gentlemen to send up a trusty messenger on the third of May, with the documents committed to their trust for Miss Gaspard by the late Reverend Cuthbert Gray.

Dandie would probably have forgotten the very existence of the papers, in the excitement of preparing for her re-appearance; but Madame Gilette was a thorough woman of business, and believed in punctuality in such matters.

Strange to say, the night of Dandie's re-appearance was also John Speight's first night in England since he left for India about four years before.

De Briant was lunching at his club; he had just come back from his third fruitless call at St. John's Wood—twice the ladies had been out, and this morning a message had been brought to him that Madame was not yet down, and that Mdlle. Fernande was in the middle of a lesson with her master and could not be seen.

He was feeling considerably ruffled, and was wondering if it would be advisable to try to see Dandie after the performance at the Opera House that night, when a big, broad-chested, and sun-burnt young man came up to his table and held out his hand cordially.

He was a good-looking fellow, with very expressive blue eyes—looking all the bluer by contrast with his bronzed skin—light-brown wavy hair, a well-grown moustache, and as winning a smile as the heart of woman could desire on the lips of the man she loved.

"Have I changed so much in four years that you don't know me, Colonel de Briant?" he asked, standing there with his hand still extended, and with that pleasant look of glad recognition still on his face. "Don't you remember John Speight?"

De Briant rose quickly, and clutched the back of his chair with one hand, while he raised the other for the ostensible purpose of wiping his moustache with his serviette, but really to hide the expression of venomous hate which he felt was distorting his lips.

"I beg your pardon," he said slowly, loosening his hold of the chair-back reluctantly, and shaking hands rather coolly; "I certainly did not recognise you for the moment! You youngsters change more than nous autres. Where do you hail from, and when did you arrive?"

"I arrived at Charing Cross at half-past twelve, and I have came straight from Calcutta. Having once turned my thoughts homeward, after nearly four years' patient absence, I suddenly felt a wild longing to be here, and left the boat at Brindisi, knowing I could save a good two days by coming overland from there."

"And I suppose you have seen nobody and heard nothing yet?"

"Not yet," replied Jack, smiling again, and looking so exasperatingly attractive that the Colonel would have liked to fell him to the ground as he stood there. "I was wondering if you could give me any news of my family."

De Briant shook his head.

"No," he said. "I started for North America, to have a turn at the grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains just after you left, and your people and I have not chanced to meet since my return. I have seen Miss Speight once or twice in society, and that is all."

"Then of course you know nothing about the other Clinton people—the Grays, and the rest of them?"

"I have not been near Clinton for more than three years," answered Colonel de Briant indifferently.

Jack had gone into the hotel at Charing Cross on his arrival, had a good "tubbing," made himself presentable, and then walked straight on to the club; consequently his rival was the first acquaintance he had met, and, had the elder man showed the least cordiality, Jack would have been on friendly terms with him at once, in the exuberance of his delight at being home again.

De Briant, however, had other plans, and there was no mistaking his wish to bring the interview to an end, as he stood ceremoniously waiting for Jack's next remark.

Suddenly Jack realized that he wanted to get rid of him, so he put out his hand at once.

"Good-bye for the present," he said. "You're busy, I dare say, while I have nothing in the world to do. Shall meet again by-and-by."

And he sauntered away, looking keenly to the right and the left of him, as he passed down the room, in search of familiar faces.

He had not gone far before he was accosted by a man who had left him in India six months before, and who had been ordered home on sick-leave. This man, Major Greatorex, was unaffectedly glad to see him.

"Only arrived to-day? Why, you've got all the fun of the fair before you, my boy! What are you going to do with yourself to-night? Are you obliged to run off to your people at once, or are you going to spend the night in town?"

"No," replied Jack, his handsome face clouding a little as he spoke; "I'm not in such a violent hurry to do the dutiful at home. There's a bit of a split between my father and me, and I shall not present myself until I know for certain the old man will be glad to see me."

"Then you shall come to my sister's box at the opera and hear Fernande. It's her first night this season, and there will be a crush; but Milly told me I could dispose of one seat."

"But I don't like to impose upon your sister if seats are at such a premium," said Jack hesitatingly. "I can get a stall; and, when all's said and done, I don't care so very much for the opera—'La Sonnambula,' isn't it?"

"But, my dear Speight, you must hear this woman! Every one says she is a marvel! There was quite a rage for her two years ago. And it's all nonsense about imposing on my sister. She'll be very glad to see any friend of mine; and there's a supper on at her place in Cavendish Square afterwards. You must come! As for a stall, you won't get one for love or money: they all went as soon as the date of her appearance was announced."

"If you're quite sure I shall not be in the way——"

"Humbug! That's settled then. Let me see, I believe I've forgotten the number of Milly's box, in spite of her instructions; but it's on the first tier, I know. Ask for Mrs. David Molloy's box; she's well known; they'll take you to it."

When Jack reached Mrs. Molloy's box he found a large party assembled.

Greatorex's sister was a little lady who liked to have plenty of people about her.

She was cordiality itself to her brother's friend; but, in spite of her bright welcome, Jack felt a little stiff and awkward when he found that it was apparently quite a family party.

They addressed one another by their Christain names, and seemed so perfectly at home that Jack felt like an interloper.

He soon forgot all this however when the opera commenced, for Mrs. Molloy, being an enthusiastic musician herself, made one rigid stipulation with the people she invited to her box—that they should be in their places before the curtain rose, and neither enter nor leave the box during the progress of an act.

With unusual modesty, Jack had placed himself in one of the back corners of the box, and from there he listened to and watched the first act with very close attention.

Yes, the new prima donna was undoubtedly a great artist; she looked pretty too—that is, what he could see of her at that distance—and the voice was delightfully fresh and clear.

That last elaborated passage forcibly recalled to his memory Dandie Gaspard's method.

The lady was rather like Dandie too, in some way that he could not explain to himself, although she was of course a much finer woman.

He wondered where he should find his little Dandie, and in what circumstances. He had heard of her disappearance long ago, from Blanche; but he never doubted being able to find her.

Mrs. Gray was certain to know of her whereabouts, and he should go straight to her and redeem his promise or rather renew his offer of marriage.

He wondered if she was much changed, and he felt a little depressed as he told himself that she might have lost her old sweetness of disposition, have possibly even grown plain and strong-minded—horror of horrors!—during the four years of their

separation. But that made no difference; as a man of honor he had to keep his word, and there was an end of it.

In the meantime the curtain had gone up again, the act was well forward, and Amina, robed in white, with her hair hanging loosely about her, had entered by the window, and begun her sweet placid sleep-talk, for it was hardly more as Fernande gave it.

While she sat on the edge of the bed, softly singing the dreamy melody, with vacant upraised eyes and loosely clasped hands, Greatorex leaned across to Jack, and gently handed him a pair of opera-glasses.

"Take a good look at her as she sits there," he said in a low whisper; "she is almost as good to look at as she is to listen to."

The hand that held the glasses shook a little, and he did not put them up to his eyes again directly.

He was conscious of a slight moisture on his forehead, and said something to himself about the house being disgracefully ventilated, as he passed his handkerchief across his brow.

Then he summoned up all his courage and raised the glasses again.

There was just the same guileless expression in the eyes, the same pathetic little droop of the lips, the same tender sadness; only the face was far more beautiful than Dandie's.

He lowered the glasses at last, with a heavy sigh. Greatorex heard it and misinterpreted it.

"A perfect picture, isn't she?" he whispered, putting out his hand for the glasses, without turning round.

Jack scrutinized the prima donna several times during the evening; but he did not see the likeness to Dandie so vividly afterwards as he did in that first glance, when Fernande sat quietly at the bed-side, with that tranquil expression on her face; but he admired the prima donna immensely, and wondered doubtfully if Dandie had ripened into such another woman.

When the second act was over, some of Mrs. Molloy's friends left the box to pay visits to acquaintances in other parts of the house, and the affable little lady made Jack sit by her, and commenced talking on Indian matters.

As Jack sat in the front of the box, looking carelessly along the rows of faces in the stalls, he saw one head considerably above the others, with closely-cropped black hair, and he recognized Colonel de Briant.

He wondered if he had noticed the strong likeness which Fernande bore to Dandie Gaspard.

Then he suddenly remembered that this man had admired Dandie when he was down at Clinton, and that he himself was jealous at the time of the Colonel's attentions to her, and irritated by his calm masterful bearing.

"What a young ass I must have been at that time," mused Jack; "how incapable of forming an opinion on any serious matter!"—this with a half-rebellious sigh, as he recalled his promise to Dandie.

De Briant looked towards their box presently, and bowed to Mrs. Molloy; then he saw that Jack was sitting next to her, and an awful fear entered his heart that the young man had recognized his old love: in which case the Colonel knew there would be no chance for him.

De Briant rose, made his way to the end of the row of stalls where he had been sitting, and stood there, looking carelessly round the house, until the curtain was raised again.

Then he quietly slipped out at the door and drove home to his chambers.

His man was astonished to see him home at such an hour, and still more astonished when he called for his dressing-gown and slippers, and bade him make up a big fire, bring out the brandy and cigars, and take himself off to bed.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the man finally closed the sitting-room door, and left his master to his solitary meditations; and four o'clock struck before the Colonel rose from his comfortable arm-chair.

By that time he had made up his mind that his chances of ultimately winning Dandie were decreased ninety-nine per cent. by this untoward return of Speight's, and had decided that there was nothing left for him now but speed and stratagem.

If he could contrive to see the girl alone, if he could be the first to tell her of Jack's return—with sundry elaborations born of his own fertile imagination—and succeeded in getting a promise from her before she met Speight, all would go well; she would not withdraw a pledge once given.

"Everything now depends on speed," he muttered, as he at last rose, shivering slightly, for he had been too busy with his thoughts to replenish the fire, and the air was raw—"speed and stratagem. It is not a very proper thing to do perhaps; but all's fair in love, and if that girl can be made my wife, by fair means or foul, she shall!"

Having come to this decision, he went to bed and slept as well as ever he did in his life.

De Briant was right when he came to the conclusion that Jack would try to see him at the conclusion of the opera, with the view of making inquiries about Fernande.

Jack had gone down to the door by which he thought the Colonel would come out, and he waited there until the last person had passed through.

"Missed him after all!" he said to himself. "Never mind, I shall see him at the club to-morrow. I wonder if the likeness struck him forcibly as it did me; but, there, it is very likely that I imagine Dandie to be much prettier than she ever really was. What miserable mistakes these boy-and-girl engagements always turn out to be!"

The mature man of twenty-five, having come to this sound conclusion, jumped into a hansom, and drove off rapidly to Cavendish Square, where he created a favorable impression on Mrs. Molloy's guests; although he laid himself open to a good deal of banter by his unconcealed admiration for, and interest in, the fair prima donna.

He bore it all good-temperedly however, and seemed so earnest in his desire to know more of Mdlle. Fernande that at last Mrs. Molloy took pity on him, and said—

"If you would really care for an introduction, Captain Speight, I think I can manage it for you. An old friend of my husband's, who is coming to dinner with us on Friday night, visits the lady with whom Mademoiselle Fernande makes her home—at least, I know he used to be there nearly every Sunday the season before last. Now if you like to dine here on Friday, you'll meet him. The rest of course I must leave in your own hands. I don't think there will be much difficulty. General Mainwaring is a most amiable old man; but I warn you that the lady has the reputation of being very unapproachable, so don't entirely lose your heart."

Jack eagerly accepted this offer, and thought himself a very lucky young fellow.

CHAPTER XII.

DE BRIANT felt oddly nervous the next morning. As he drove to St. John's Wood he tried to persuade himself that the nervousness was caused by his unusual consumption of cigars overnight; but, in his heart, he knew it was not so.

The truth was that his feeling for Dandie Gaspard, instead of weakening with time, as Jack's had done, had gone on steadily strengthening, until he believed, with all his heart and soul, that his one chance of happiness in this world resolved itself into the possession of the girl. Now that it had come to the final sharp struggle for her, his heart altogether failed him as he realized how small was his chance of success.

When Jack made his inquiry after the Grays, "and the rest of the Clinton people," the Colonel knew that whatever arrangement there had been between young Speight and Dandie in the past existed still.

Dandie saw the Colonel's mail-phaeton draw up with a dash and clatter at the gates, and she ran into the next room to tell Madame.

"Here is Colonel de Briant again, dear," she said.

Then Baptiste brought in the Colonel's name, and also a note sealed with red wax, addressed to Mdlle. Fernande.

"Is the note from Colonel de Briant, Baptiste?" she asked, taking up the thick little square envelope, and examining the device and motto of the seal—a flaming faggot surrounded by the words, "As you use me, friend or foe." It struck her as unpleasantly applicable.

"Yes, Ma'amselle," answered Baptiste. "The Colonel said he did not expect Madame would be visible yet, but he thought you would grant him a few minutes after you had read the note."

Dandie flushed uneasily, and glanced at Madame as she broke the seal. She read the note in silence, and as she read a look of painful anxiety stole over her face.

"I wonder what he means. Listen, dear!" she said. Then she read—

"Dear Miss Gaspard—On this occasion I must address you by your own name. Indirectly I have come into possession of some information that I have every reason to believe will affect you closely, and, I grieve to have to add, unpleasantly. I should like, if you will allow me, to spare you the pain of receiving this news suddenly before a crowd of people. Will you grant me a few, only a very few, moments' private conversation?

"Yours truly,

"CARTHEWS DE BRIANT."

"What a melodramatic communication!" cried Madame. "Do you know, Dandie, I think considerably less of him now than I did before you read that letter! Will you see him, dear?"

"Yes, I think so. He has roused my curiosity, which I suppose is what he counted on doing. I fancy I am a little stronger-minded than I was when he last interviewed me. I don't think I shall be afraid of him now. Yes; I'll give him the few minutes he asks for."

The enthusiasm and excitement of the night before had left Dandie rather unstrung this morning; she was paler than usual, and there was a faint shadow beneath her eyes. Her hair was coiled round her head in a loose band, and as she entered the room where Colonel de Briant was waiting, in her soft, clinging, amethyst-colored morning robe, he thought he had never seen her look so supremely lovely. More alluring, more bewildering and fascinating, she had looked dozens of times, but never more lovely than now, as she crossed to him, with the sunlight glinting upon her brown hair, and her sweet lips slightly parted in a smile, half of inquiry, half of courteous welcome.

"You look as if you were paying the inevitable price of your last night's triumphs," he said gently and gravely, as he took her outstretched hand. Then, placing a low reclining-chair for her, just in the shade of the window-curtain, he added—"What a pity that such intense exaltation must always be followed by a corresponding depression!"

"That is too hard a name to give to my feeling this morning. I feel just enough physical fatigue to make repose pleasant, that is all. My heart is as light as one could wish it," she replied, leaning her head against the cushioned back of the chair, and, with her chin slightly elevated, showing the graceful curve of her throat, looking more entrancing than ever.

"I am very glad to hear you say that," returned the Colonel, as he crossed his legs and gazed steadily out of window at the half-bare branches of the trees swaying about in the fresh wind; "because you are so much the more in the right state of mind to hear what I have to tell you."

"Do you know that all this mystery is very alarming?" said Dandie lightly. "I can't understand how your news can be so disastrous, since I have neither wealth nor, unfortunately, dear friends to lose."

"No? Are you quite sure of that?" he asked, looking at her eagerly for a moment, and then turning his eyes to the waving branches again. "Because, if you assure me that there is no person in the world whose doings could cause you acute grief or joy, you will render my task much lighter and pleasanter than it is at present."

Dandie looked at his profile with a shade of anxiety in her sweet eyes, and one white hand stole gently to the edge of the curtain behind which she was sitting, and began to toy nervously with the trimming.

"I wish you would tell me what you have to tell," she said; "you are really trying me a little with all this beating about the bush." An awful feeling of intense pain crept into her heart, as she wondered if he had come to tell her that Jack was dead. In that moment she knew that her doubts of herself had been utterly groundless; she knew, in that sudden dread, that she loved Jack all along with the old heart-whole love; it had only needed some such test as this to prove it to her beyond all questioning.

"Even if you will not admit the existence of any warmer feeling on my part, I think you will credit me with genuine feelings of friendship towards yourself, Miss Gaspard?" continued he, in the same calm way.

"Surely!" said Dandie very quietly. "Why should you feel otherwise? I have never done you any harm—knowingly," she added abruptly, in reply to a rapid glance from him; and then she blushed at the admission she had made by the addition of that one word.

"No," he said, repeating her words, "you have never done me any harm—knowingly; so of course it goes without saying that you will believe I am your very good friend, in spite of what I may say to you to-day."

There was a pause, which Dandie would not break, because she hoped thus to bring him to the point sooner.

During this silence she had hard work to keep her quickened breathing from becoming audible; he had succeeded in giving her the impression that bad news was at hand.

"I met a mutual friend of ours—or perhaps I should say, an acquaintance—yesterday. He had only arrived in town, from India, an hour before I met him."

Dandie drew a long breath, and felt much relieved. The news was about Jack then; he was not dead, thank Heaven!

"As we have only one mutual friend who has been in India, it is not difficult for you to guess that I mean John Speight."

"How does he look after his four years' baking?" she asked tranquilly—so tranquilly as almost to deceive her listener, but not quite.

"He looks well, and—satisfied," he answered. He thought to himself, "She's game; she'll die rather than betray herself! I may catch her on the rebound."

"You say that word 'satisfied' so significantly that I am sure more remains behind," she observed, with a smile on her lips that was contradicted by her eyes. "Why is he so particularly satisfied?"

"With his marriage, I presume."

When the Colonel had said this he rose from his seat suddenly, and walked over to the other window.

"That man of mine has let my mastiff into the garden; he'll play havoc among the tulips!" he said, tapping violently at the window-pane. After a few moments, he returned to his seat.

"Yes," he went on; "I believe Speight has done rather a good thing for himself in the matrimonial line. I heard two men talking about it at the club yesterday; they said the lady was enormously rich."

Dandie's struggle had been of brief duration, but very severe. Though she could not stop the cruel throbbing of her heart, she contrived, by speaking slowly and carefully, to keep all signs of agitation out of her voice.

"I am glad he has married a rich woman," she said, "because it will please his father. Mr. Speight always set his heart on John's marrying a rich wife."

"And that is the hardest word you have to say of him, after all that has passed between you?" And now the Colonel turned round and looked at her.

Her eye-lids twitched slightly as she raised her eyes and met his; but she would not be conquered, and she forced herself to look steadily at him as she answered—

"You are thinking of our boy-and-girl love-making at Clinton, four years ago. That sort of thing very seldom stands the test of a long separation, and perhaps it is just as well it does not. One's tastes change with one's growth, and it would be a bad thing for some of us if we were compelled to keep faith with the loves of our *premiere jeunesse*."

"You cannot imagine what a relief it is to me to hear you talk like this! I have been tormented by the fear that the news of Speight's marriage would be a great blow to you. If that old romance has been dead all these years, what is it that steels you so against all advances?"

"Am I steeled against all advances?"—smilingly.

De Briant's heart almost stopped beating; he felt dazed at the thought of what those words might imply.

"Are you not?" he stammered. "Have you not gained a reputation for being a woman without a heart? Surely I should know it if any living man does, for I have suffered from it as perhaps no other being in the world has."

There was another short silence, during which Dandie asked herself whether she might not as well marry this man as any other. He had been faithful through long years of discouragement and snubbing. Nothing but an abiding great love could cause such persistence as his. She supposed she must marry some day or other, and it would not matter very much now who the man was, so long as he was a gentleman, and not likely to ill-treat her.

"Miss Gaspard, won't you reward my long years of patient waiting by giving me some hope?"

He leaned forward towards her, and took her unresponsive hands in his feverish clasp.

"But I am afraid I do not care for you in that way, Colonel de Briant," she said, determined, in the midst of her pain and grief, not to accept him under false pretences.

"I would risk that. Love would come in time, dear. My devotion to you would conquer you, in spite of yourself; you could not help loving me a little, in time, for mere pity's sake, if you once understood how much I love you. Ah, you will reward my long patience at last—you will be my wife?"

"You overpower me," she answered, withdrawing one hand from his, and, with a weary gesture, pushing the hair off her forehead. "I do not think I ought to give you a definite promise at once; I should like to take counsel with my one dear friend before deciding. Suppose you give me a week in which to think the matter over?"

"A week! Think what misery you are condemning me to, and shorten my period of suspense! Let me come to-morrow and hear your decision."

"Your misery will be no greater than it has been any time these last few years," she said, smiling a little at his fervent enthusiasm.

"Just as the sufferings of a man who is dying of thirst are increased by the sight of water he cannot reach, so will my misery be intensified by the prospect of bliss which may not be mine after all! May I not come—say, on Sunday, early, before luncheon, to hear your final decision?"

"No," said Dandie quietly; "I will take a week. But I don't think you need be very wretched about it, Colonel de Briant; I have almost made up my mind to say 'Yes'"

He was wretched about it however, and tried desperately to induce her to shorten his period of suspense, knowing exactly how much a day more or less might mean to him. But Dandie was obdurate, and he drove away at last, reckoning up the chances for and against a meeting between Dandie and Jack during the next seven days.

Dandie went back to Madame Gilette's dressing-room, locked the door, and hid her face against the shoulder of her dear friend, and cried and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

This was not the calm self-possessed woman of the world, the public favorite, who had been so coldly determined in her hard treatment of an almost successful lover. This was Dandie Gaspard—warm-hearted, impulsive, loving Dandie Gaspard, showing herself in her true colors, as she would not often do again when she was once the betrothed of Carthews de Briant.

She told Madame everything; she even told her how she knew she still loved Jack just as dearly as ever had come upon her in that awful moment, when she had thought he was dead.

The kindly woman looked grave enough when the girl told her of her determination to marry Colonel de Briant.

"Well, but you know I can't go on loving another woman's husband," cried Dandie desperately; "and having one of my own will cure me sooner than anything, I should think! Besides, my marriage with this man is one of those things which are to be, and I have given myself a week before I finally say yes; a week in which to sweep and garnish my heart, and free it from the chips and splinters of my broken idol; a week in which to undo the love that has been building, little by little, for four long years. Now don't say anything to me, dear!" she exclaimed, catching Madame's eye at that moment. "I have a giant's task before me; don't make it worse than it is!" And she passed quick from the room, leaving the elder woman still with that grave anxious expression in her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"You know, Miss Finjoy," said young Smallwitte, "I've got a very good thing to tell you." "Oh, I'm delighted! What is it, please?" "I'm engaged to be married, you know, to Miss——" "Well, I'm more than delighted. I was so afraid you were going to propose to me!" And Smallwitte doesn't hardly know what she meant yet.

I MAY NOT SPEAK.

BY WM. W. LONG.

There must lie between us silence,
Words there are I may not speak;
I am strong in this one purpose,
Yet, my queen, I am so weak.

Though my lips must never utter
What lies hidden in my heart;
Silence ne'er the links can break,
We shall ne'er be quite apart.

"SAVED!"

BY THE COUNTESS.

CHAPTER II.

TERROR nearly paralyzed me, but did not prevent my recognizing in the coarse Kulmuc type of the intruder, the face of one of the Russian men servants!

I could not move or scream,—but at a signal from the Russian, to my utter amaze and bewilderment, who should appear at his side but the "dead" prince! He was making imploring signs to me to be silent—not to be afraid, and, above all things, to let him in! The poor young face was so livid,—the eyes so strained with terror; the tears, too, were coursing so visibly down the thin haggard cheeks, and the attitude was so touchingly humble and imploring, that my fright turned into pity, and I felt intuitively that in some mysterious way, I held the life, or death, of this trembling creature in my hands.

Impelled, therefore, by the power of mercy, and hurriedly eager to save I knew not who, from I knew not what, I unhooked the window, and the prince crept noiselessly in! To my unspeakable relief the footman fell back, evidently on the watch, and the poor boy sank at my feet, gasping out in a mixture of languages, "Oh, Lady Muriella, for Heaven's sake save me! Let me out at your door!"

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "it is locked on the outside!"

"Hide me, then, hide me!" he sobbed,—as, in an agony of supplication, he clasped my gown. "Your white robe and your golden hair make you look like an angel. Be one to me, Muriella, a protecting angel! Listen, the good doctor and poor Ivan have risked much. The doctor made me feign death, and he has drugged the padre, and watches him, but he will soon wake! Ah! save me from him.

"I will do anything," I said excitedly; "but what can I do? You cannot stay here. What are you afraid of?"

"Ah! get me out of the hotel, for—" looking around in a terror-struck way, and whispering in my ear, "they are—poisoning me!"

"Rouse the house!" was my natural suggestion.

"No, no, lady! Listen! I have no time to explain, but flight is my only chance—to the English Embassy—Lord Queensland will help me, and——" At this moment the key turned slowly in my door, and I just had time to push the prince into the recess (while he implored me in a whisper to confide in "no one—no one"), when Susette appeared, sleepy, cross, and with a light.

"I come, miladi, according to orders. Do you want anything?"

"Oh, Susette! I am so glad you are come. I really will not be locked in like this! it alarms me! for if anything were to happen I couldn't get out. I must have the key."

"Lady Muriel" (with sleepy dignity) "madame said I was to look you in. But why" (with curiosity)—"why are you astir ned? Why are you up?"

"Because, I tell you, I don't like being locked in! If mamma knew how it frightens me, she would of course let it be as I say. What is that?" I added nervously; "I am sure I heard a step outside my door."

"It is only the guard, miladi; he walks about all night and watches the galleries."

"Did he see you?" I asked very anxiously.

"Yes; and he asked where I was going."

"Poor prince!" I mentally ejaculated, "there is little chance, then, of your getting out unseen."

Then aloud I said to Susette, "Give me the key."

Susette was too sleepy to argue further upon the matter, so she delivered up the key, and I let her out and locked the door.

I waited to hear her departing footsteps, then I flew to the recess, and drew back the portiere to liberate the prisoner; when, to my astonishment, the young man issued forth, clad from head to foot in Susette's clothes!

No one could possibly have recognized him, for he had tied a thick veil over his face, and the metamorphosis was perfect.

In spite of the awkward, nay, dangerous circumstances, I felt a strong inclination to laugh, but I said seriously:

"Why do you not make a confidant of the guard? Tell him your story, and get him to let you out at the front door."

"No, no! the doctor told me solemnly to trust to no one but you—no servants, for the padre always bribes the servants. Ah, Muriella, what is to be done? how shall I get out?"

"I know," I said joyfully, and dashing into the recess, I dragged forth a strong rope, used to cord boxes. "You must get out by the balcony—it is not high; my brothers could almost let themselves drop without a rope, and I am sure I could."

"Ah! but I am ill, weak—faint."

"Well, well," I said rather impatiently, with a touch of British arrogance and contempt for foreign chicken-heartedness; "you stay in here, while I make preparations."

So I stepped on to the balcony. Ivan was standing a few yards off, watching the windows of the Russian apartments; and with a horrid shrinking, I saw the moonbeams play upon a naked knife he held in his hand! and then for the first time I fully realized how dearly he had resolved to sell his young master's liberty, and what a dangerous matter I was engaged in!

The Russian comprehended at a glance what was my design, for as I was tying the rope to the balcony, I suppose my hand trembled, for he came hurriedly forward and helped me, at the same time making signs that we had no time to lose.

After fastening the rope firmly, he returned to his post of observation, and I softly called the young prince; then carefully looking into the road, to see there were no inconvenient passers-by, I whispered to him in true schoolboy phraseology, "Now's your time!"

Taking the rope very gently from my hand, the young man seemed to pause—looking meanwhile wistfully at me; then raising the veil which concealed his features, before I could prevent it, he threw his arms passionately round me, straining me tightly to his breast, and while murmuring the word "Muriella!" he pressed his trembling lips once, twice, and yet again, fervently, almost painfully to mine, and with a great sob threw himself over the ironwork, slid down, and disappeared!

The faithful Ivan now approached, and I was slightly nervous as to whether he might not deem it necessary to express his gratitude after the same fashion! but I need not have been alarmed, for after making an eager sign to me to look my window, with a gesture of deep respect, he kissed the hem of my garment, slid down the rope, and was gone, and I was left standing there alone, with a half inclination to slide down the rope and run away also!

However, I listened to the sound of the fugitives' retreating footsteps, and as they died in the distance I remembered Ivan's warning, and un-knotting the rope, I re-entered my room with it in my hand, then shutting, locking, and even barricading my window, I sat down for a moment to collect my thoughts.

My eyes wandered round the room, and ere my bewilderment had quite subsided, I perceived that a bunch of forget-me-nots which I had placed in water by my bedside was gone! and blushingly I told myself that, while waiting, the young prince must have stolen it.

With this discovery tears, all unbidden, rushed to my eyes and a tender feeling sprang up in my heart for the individual for whom I had undoubtedly gone through a great deal; and on my knees I thanked God for His help, and begged Him to raise up a stronger protector than myself to rid the prince of his enemies.

This outburst of feeling, relieved me, and once more I became practical, and I decided that courageous as I might be, I dared no longer stay alone in that room; for I feared the possibility of another visit from some of the Russians; so opening the door softly, I let myself out, and, with a creeping sensation, as though all the Russians in the hotel were pursuing me, I fled towards Susette's room, and to my unspeakable relief met her coming towards me!

She was petrified at the rencontre, and drawing me into her room, asked anxiously what was the matter?

I told her breathlessly all that happened, and she said she had been struck by my pale, frightened face when she had seen me an hour ago; and it had so haunted her, that she was now on her way to my room.

She looked rather rueful when she heard of the loss of her clothes, but her womanly sympathy went out heartily to the poor boy when I described his terror and distress, and she forthwith began to consider how best to conceal the scene of his flight.

I did not then understand that this was more for my sake than for that of the fugitives.

(The "bliss" of ignorance was mine at that moment, the "folly" of wisdom came later.)

Susette returned at once with me to my bedroom, for the watchman, she said, had luckily seen her as she entered it an hour before, and he would think she had remained there all night, so we locked the door and lay down together.

Not long after we had done so, we again heard footsteps on the balcony, and as the moon was shining brightly, we saw the shadow of a man pass quickly across the blind, and as it returned it lingered long enough at my window for me to recognize the spare form of the priest! but finding, I suppose, that everything was unsuspiciously quiet, and the window closed, the figure vanished as cautiously as it had appeared; and although we listened long and attentively, we heard nothing more.

After a while my nervousness calmed down, and Susette's propinquity giving me a sense of security, I fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly into the room as I awoke, and I overheard the chamber-maid tell Susette that the Russians had all left the hotel quite two hours before!

As soon as I was dressed I hurried to my mother and related the whole adventure.

She was much excited, and proposed going at once to the British Embassy, which we did, and were admitted directly into Lord Queensland's presence.

I was terribly disappointed when the great man assured us nothing whatever had been heard of the fugitives, and equally indignant when I discovered that both he and his attache discredited my story!

The ambassador was barely civil, and "thought" I had been "hoaxed," that my "imagination" had "exaggerated the facts," etc.

He asked whether any person beside myself had witnessed "the alleged flight," and I fancied he seemed relieved when I replied in the negative; and my suspicions of his sincerity were still more aroused, by his evident anxiety that we should keep the story to ourselves, impressing upon my mother (who turned very pale) that we had better do so "for her pretty young daughter's sake."

Being young and inexperienced, I missed the innuendo, but as the minister had early let out that he was personally acquainted with the Princess Lipetska, that she was nearly related to the Imperial Family, and that such an unlikely story as mine might give great offence, I shrewdly suspected his anxiety for secrecy arose from some secret motive.

In a few minutes Lord Queensland rose, thus as he thought, ending the discussion; but feeling veracity was unfairly impugned I was not to be so summarily dismissed; besides the ambassador's parting words did not tend to soothe my irritation much.

"I advise you, madame," he said to my mother, "not to allow pretty Lady Muriel to sleep alone in a hotel again. Keep her to her dolls, dear lady; there are really no children nowadays."

This was unbearable, so losing all self-control, I said angrily—

"It is a pity, my lord, that some old men should be chosen to fill high positions who are little better than dolls themselves, especially when called upon to act in an emergency! And oh!" I cried, bursting into childish tears, "they are not so nice as dolls, for although their heads may be equally empty, dolls have hair, whereas, old men very often—have not!"

Need I say Lord Queensland was bald?

My mother was horrified at my words, but the ambassador seemed tickled, and patting me on the shoulder, called me "a gold-headed little spitfire."

I was not, however, to be mollified, and as I marched from the room, I said maliciously, "If you, my lord, will not take the story up, I shall spread it abroad, as an instance of the incompetency of our officials to defend the friendless!"

To my surprise, I perceived that my words "at random sent, had found a mark they never meant;" for Lord Queensland, motioning to his attache to close the door, said to my mother:

"May I ask you a favor? I frankly (!) confess I know something of the story, and I wished, for certain reasons, to keep it quiet. So will you—will your daughter—for the young prince's sake—keep the secret until you hear from me?"

My mother was so shocked at the ambassador's want of candor, and so alarmed at the superabundance of that quality in me, that she would have promised anything to get away; but I said coldly:

"It is a pity you should not have confidence in us from the first, instead of doing so only as a last resort; but if you can assure me, on the honor of an Englishman, that silence will serve the poor boy, I am ready to pass my word also."

"Any other course of action will injure him, Lady Muriel."

"So be it," I said loftily, delighted to feel that a signorina had proved herself no nonentity after all!

We took leave of the minister and his scared attache and returned to the hotel, and it is needless to say we never heard again from his excellency; but in ten days' time the papers informed us that his lordship had quitted Florence for some months.

The whole story seemed to have passed like an uneasy dream.

The Russians had vanished, and their rooms were now occupied by a commonplace, middle-class English family, who I heard conversing about the "Pitty Pally" (meaning, I presumed, the Pitti Palais), and the padrone and his wife avoided mentioning the princess or any of her suite; indeed the subject seemed so distasteful to them that we forbore alluding to it, and after a short uneventful period had elapsed, we directed our footsteps homewards to London.

One morning my mother put the *Morning Post* into my hands, eagerly desiring me to read a paragraph aloud.

It was a quotation from a St. Petersburg journal, and it ran thus:

"Great excitement has been caused lately in St. Petersburg, in consequence of a mysterious event, which has taken place in the family of the Prince Lipetska. His highness lost his first wife sixteen years ago, at the birth of the Prince Michael, who, although a delicate child, survived his mother, and was the object of his father's tenderest affections. Four years ago the Prince Lipetska married again, choosing the Princess Myrza de Zeschaw, a lady of great beauty, and for whom, it was well known, a certain Exalted Personage avowed a distinctly paternal interest. The Princess Myrza bore two sons, and was a devoted mother, not only to her own offspring, but also to her step-son, who was much attached to her, and whose recent uncertain health seemed the only cloud in the princely pair's domestic horizon.

"A few months ago the young prince became so seriously ill that the best medical advice was sought, when change of air and a warm climate were suggested. The Prince Lipetska being unable just then to lay aside his court duties, the princess offered to leave her own young family, and proceed with her step-son to Italy, purposing to visit a famous but very old doctor resident at Pisa, who had known the young Michael from his birth.

"Accordingly the princess started, accompanied by a priest, a traveling companion and a large suite; and they had not been long absent before it was remarked that the Prince Lipetska became greatly depressed, and that he was constantly closeted with a certain Doctor d'Obreskoff, who had attended the family for years, but who, in consequence of increasing age, and a strong dislike conceived against him by the princess, had given up his position as family physician. The accounts from Italy getting worse, the anxious father would have started at once to join his son, but he yielded to Doctor d'Obreskoff's entreaties, and instead of going himself, dispatched a young English doctor, who received instructions to travel with the utmost speed.

"Dr. Granville's arrival at Pisa took the princess entirely by surprise, and he installed himself without delay as medical companion to the sick boy, who took to him with a complete infatuation, refusing to eat, drink, or sleep save in his presence. One day, to the amazement of the St. Petersburg world, the young Michael arrived at his father's house, restored to health, and accompanied by a single servant! His father received him tearfully, but without surprise, and a few days later the whole family left St. Petersburg for an indefinite period. Nothing has been heard of the princess, and mystery shrouds the whole affair."

"There, mamma," I said, "you see I could tell them more than they know."

"What an awful thing," said my mother gravely. "I wonder what has become of that wretched woman, and whether we shall hear any more about it."

This question was answered a short time afterwards; for on the anniversary of the memorable night of the 17th September, I was sitting at my window, thinking over it all, when my mother called me, and to my surprise I discovered a travel-stained stranger in the room with her, and upon his turning towards me I exclaimed, "The young prince's English doctor!"

He carried a parcel, and seemed overjoyed at seeing me, grasped my hand, calling me the protecting angel and a host of pretty things, and when I had mastered my surprise I exclaimed—

"How is the poor boy? Do tell me everything from the very beginning."

The young man smiled and said, "I have little to tell, or rather little that I may tell; and ere I begin may I beg of you both to keep all you know sacred? For although to some degree the story has become public, the whole truth is not known, and for the prince's sake I beg this favor of you."

We, of course, gave the required promise, and Dr. Granville proceeded with much feeling to tell us everything.

"The poor boy," he said, "nearly fell a victim to the jealousy of the princess for her own children. She was administering small doses of poison to him, which were slowly but surely taking effect. I arrived just in time to save his life. The old Dr. d'Obreskoff had been haunted for some time by a horrid suspicion of foul play, and after the princess's hurried departure to Italy, he determined to search her apartments privately, and he discovered such tangible proofs of her guilt—proofs, however, which a knowledge of medicine alone could recognize—that he broke the awful truth to the prince, who could scarcely be restrained from starting at once to Italy in order to save his son. The doctor, however, advised differently, for his medical mind gathered from the most recent accounts, that nothing imminent was to be feared, and he knew that unless everything was arranged most diplomatically, the prince would have to contend against troubles and even dangers at court, in consequence of the princess's high relationships. Luckily I was paying a visit at St. Petersburg at that time, and the old doctor knew all about me; how I had been brought up in the medical profession, but that developing a strong taste for adventure, I had been engaged in detective cases, and that thus I claimed an intimate personal acquaintance with the two most active agents in this case—medicine and murder. The prince sent me to Italy with full powers, only impressing upon me the absolute necessity of saving the princess's reputation; and directly I arrived I warned Prince Michael of his own danger, of his father's commands concerning the princess, that he was to eat, drink and sleep in my presence only, and to leave the rest to me. He was very ill when I arrived, but I soon inspired him with confidence, and during that dreadful journey to Florence I taught him to feign death. We had a rehearsal before arriving, and I found that like most Russians, his powers of acting were first-class. I knew if I could only reach Florence I should be safe, as I was acquainted with Lord Queensland and had warned him of my coming; but the journey was perilous as I could not tell whether the princess had discovered who and what I was; besides, I feared the priest, and how much he guessed of the truth. However, thank God, all went

well. All would have been easy could I have taken the padrone into my confidence, but the prince had solemnly bound me to trust no one—no servants, except Ivan, and I kept my word. In England every one would have helped me, but with Russians and Italians there are wheels within wheels. One of my greatest difficulties was to keep the princess and the priest out of the death chamber, for I feared the prince betraying himself. So I burnt a concoction, ostensibly for sanitary purposes, which had the effect of causing those unused to it to feel faint, as you did, Lady Muriel, and as he did, poor boy, at times, but we had to risk that."

"But," interrupted I, "after he and Ivan had escaped where did they go? He told me they should go to the English Embassy, but they did not do so."

"Forgive me, but they did, and were in the house when your mother and you called. Lord Queensland knew they were coming, and an hour had not elapsed after their flight, before a man came and whistled 'God Save the Queen' beneath the balcony (a preconcerted sign), whereby I knew the fugitives were safe under the British flag. The ambassador, knowing about the princess's birth, acted with great caution."

"Eminently so," I said drily, "and how about the princess?"

"Ah, there I am tongue-tied. Suffice it to say that after the prince's disappearance, my personal dangers began, for I never lost sight of her, poor soul, till—— Ah, well, Russian laws and English laws are different, and grateful I am to have returned safe from so ugly a business."

Dr. Granville now rose to depart, and turning kindly to me he said—

"Lady Muriel, I parted from Prince Michael not many hours ago, and he said I was not to rest till I had seen you, till I had reminded you that this is the anniversary of his flight, and that all through life the 18th September will be a night sacred to the thought of you."

As the doctor said these words a curious sort of feeling came over me.

His voice sounded strange, far off, and I seemed to see the gloomy bed-chamber, the moon-lit window, the boy in agonized supplication at my feet—the——

The doctor went on: "He sends an offering of humble gratitude; his words were, 'Put it into her own dear hands, but tell her to open it alone, tell her as she opens it, my voice will greet her, and tell her, oh tell her, we must meet again.'"

Without a word I took the parcel. I knew the doctor raised my hand and kissed it, and that, bowing to my mother, he left the room.

I went slowly, dreamily upstairs, hearing as I did so the front door open and shut and the prince's messenger pass out and away!

Sitting by my bed I passively recalled the words, "We must meet again," and eagerly tearing off the paper covering of the parcel I discovered a velvet casket, upon which "Muriella" was stamped in letters of gold. I took the pretty gold key and opened the casket, and I beheld a necklace of eighteen pearls (a pearl, I understood, for each day), and attached to it was a heart, pierced through by a diamond arrow. At the back of the arrow these words were engraved

"Florence,
The 18 September, 184—,
Gratitude, Faith, Love."

The heart opened, and within it I found —a shred of twisted rope—and a few withered forget-me nots. I shed a few tears, I knew not why, and ran down and showed it to my mother.

[THE END.]

Out of the Garden.

BY S. RADETSKY.

IT was early in the morning, before the exhibition opened, the porter has just dusted the picture frames, straightened the settees and ottomans, and adjusted the skylight satisfactorily, when he became conscious of the presence of a slight figure in black (in a very shabby black, to say the truth), hovering timidly beside his desk.

"Eh?" said Mr. McAdam. "However did ye get in? The doors are na open yet."

"Oh, I am not one of the visitors," said Helen Howard, with a faint smile. "I have a picture here—'Ruth in the Harvest Field.'"

The old janitor rubbed his spectacle glasses.

"Ou, ay," said he; "I mind it. Hung away up above the light-line, i n the dark gallery, isn't it?"

"Has—has it been sold?" faltered Miss Howard, wincing a little at his words.

"No, it hasna been sold," said McAdam, looking rather compassionately at the slim figure in its rusty crape garments.

"Has anyone asked the price?"

"Na; to my knowledge they havena. But it's dull this season," added McAdams as Helen turned sadly away.

"If they should ask its price," said she, "I would take $10 less than the catalogue terms. You'll remember—No. 6,330?"

"Ou, ay; I'll never forget, miss," said the porter. "But," he added to himself, as she glided away down the palm-decorated staircase, "I'll-hae nae occasion for remembering. That isna a picture likely to sell. Poor lassie! I might amaist feel sorry for her, if I didna see sae much o' this sort o' thing."

Helen Howard flitted away down the street. At a little book shop, where the sign "Circulating Library" was prominently displayed, she stopped a second, and peeped wistfully in.

"My paper roses and lilies are in the window still," she said to herself. "I don't suppose anyone has asked their price yet, either."

She went into the esthetic doors of an "art bazaar," a few squares further down, where she had two satin screens and a decorated wood-basket for sale. The fine lady behind the desk answered her timid inquiries rather tartly.

"No," said she; "they are not sold. And I think you may as well take them away, Miss Howard. We are cramped up for room, and I do not think there is any more demand for that style of article."

Helen Howard went home sorrowful enough. Not that it was the first rebuff she had had. On the contrary she was well used to this manner of reception, but she was beginning to comprehend the hopelessness of the thing.

"I don't understand it," she said to herself. "There ought to be some market for skilled labor in this great city. I am not strong enough to go out to domestic service, and I should not like the associations of a factory. But what other way of earning a living is left to me?"

As she was carried away on top of a tram-car, she looked down at the market gardens, whose varied shades of green lay like living mosaics in the sunshine. Women were working there—some pulling weeds, some gathering heads of lettuce into huge baskets.

"They are earning a living," she said to herself. "They were not so unlucky as to be born ladies."

Her mother sat in the little garden in front of the house as she opened the gate and passed in.

Of the great Howard estate, this house was all that remained. If they sold it they certainly would be none the richer, for it was mortgaged up to the very cap-stones of the chimney; but it was shelter for Helen and her mother.

The snowball trees were tremulous masses of whiteness, the roses hung on the standards, clusters of sweet white and crimson pinks nodded along the paths. A robin whistled in the boughs of a horse-chestnut tree, whose spikes of pearly flowers were just bursting into bloom—a pair of swallows chased each other around the tortuous roots of an ancient wistaria vine.

"Well, dear what luck?" said Mrs. Howard, a fragile, transparent-looking woman, who wore her dyed silk gown as royally as if it had been a queen's robe.

"None at all!" sighed Helen.

"What are we to do?" said Mrs. Howard.

Helen did not answer; she stood looking vaguely out at the roses swinging in the sunshine.

"Mother," said she suddenly, "who is that down there, calling the lilacs?"

"It's Mrs. Sandifer's girl," said Mrs. Howard. "They are to have a church entertainment to-night, and asked me for some flowers. And Miss Houghton has begged me for all the roses we can spare for her lawn tennis breakfast to-morrow."

"Did she invite us?"

"No, of course not. She knows we have no gowns to wear on such an occasion as that, even if we had the disposition to come."

"Then she can't have the flowers," said Helen. "Mother, I have an inspiration. This old place has helped to impoverish us, with its taxes and interest and assessments. Now it shall make us rich again. Every one of these flowers has a market value. And when our neighbors and acquaintances—I won't say friends, for we have no friends left—come here with their cool request for flowers, they might as well be picking our pockets."

"My dear child, are you crazy?" said Mrs. Howard, opening her gentle eyes.

"No, mother; only just coming into my heritage of common sense. You should see the crowds of people in the florists' shops. Roses represent so much money—every chime of lilies of the valley is tongued with gold. No one can carry away so much as a sprig of white lilacs without leaving a silver pledge behind. And here is our garden at the mercy of a lot of female sharks, who scarcely even thank us for what we give them."

"But, Helen, you can't go out into the streets as a flower-girl."

"No," said Helen; "but I can sell flowers in another way. And I mean to. Mother, how much money have we left in the family purse?"

"Five dollars," said Mrs. Howard, with a pained look. "But I am expecting to hear from your Uncle Gamaliel every day, and——"

"Never mind Uncle Gamaliel," said Helen. Two dollars is all the capital I need. It will enable me to buy a basket, and hire the services of Nora Reirdon for one day, at least."

"A basket! Nora Reirdon!" ejaculated Mrs. Howard, in hopeless bewilderment.

"Dear mother," coaxed Helen, "I know you think I have taken leave of my senses. But let me have my own way for once—only for once. Let me earn my living out of the garden, mother, dear."

Mrs. Howard said no more. She did not utter a remonstrance; neither did she ask a question, when she saw Helen in the walks, cutting great perfumed masses of white lilacs, clusters of silvery La France roses, and velvet-red Jacqueminots, piles of scented honeysuckle and branches of sweet lemon verbenas; nor when she watched little Nora Reirdon, the washer-woman's daughter, set forth, in a stiffly-starched sun-bonnet, with a clean gingham frock, and a shop-basket of flowers on either arm.

"She is going to sit at the door of the little book-shop, mother," explained Helen. "The same book-shop where those paper monstrosities of mine did not sell, and try her luck with the genuine, sweet-scented articles. Mrs. Kydd will allow her there, and if it is to be a success I can afford to pay her a trifling commission. Oh, mother, I do begin to feel a little hope at last. Just see how full the garden is! It is like a mine of gold—if only the gold can be transformed into a marketable article. No more giving away of our treasures to lawn tennis breakfasts and church entertainments."

All the afternoon she watched the gate, and when at last she saw Nora Reirdon dancing along with an empty basket her heart gave a great leap of joy."

"I've sold 'em all, Miss Helen!" cried the child. "Every bunch! And I've got my pocket full of money. And I'm to come to-morrow again. And, please, would you give me some sweet violets extra for Mrs. Kydd, for she gave me a sugar cake and a glass of milk."

This was the beginning of Helen Howard's good fortune.

If you care to know the end of it, it is chronicled substantially in a neat little florist's shop in a West End street, where the windows are full of smilax trained on strings, and rosebuds and lilies bedded on soft green moss, and which bears the sign, "Howard and Reirdon;" for Nora has grown into a most helpful young partner, and superintends the shop, while Helen oversees two or three stout gardeners in the old home, where long ranges of hot-houses flash back the sun-shine, and every inch of space is economized by flowering bushes and rows of bluebells, sweet-williams, and snapdragons. Now Mrs. Howard wears an undyed black silk every day, and talks of "my daughter's business enterprise" with pardonable pride.

"It is better than painting pictures or embroidering screens," says she. "And Helen is out in the open air so much that her cheeks are as roses. But I never should have ventured on such an experiment myself. It was Helen that thought of it. Helen always had a deal of originality in her nature."

A RAILWAY CATECHISM.—How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles, about half the mileage of the world.

How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars.

How many people are employed by them? More than 1,000,000.

Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper.

How long does a steel rail last with average wear? About eighteen years.

What is the cost of a palace sleeping car? About $15 000, or $17,000 if "vestibuled."

What is the cost of a high-class eight-wheel passenger locomotive? About $8500.

What is the longest American railroad tunnel? Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railway (4¾ miles.)

What is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver and Rio Grande, Marshall Pass, 10,852 feet.

What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States? Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie road, 305 feet high.

What is the longest railway bridge span in the United States? Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie bridge, 548 feet.

What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system, about 8000 miles.

What line of railway extends farthest East and West? Canadian Pacific Railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.

What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York, 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.

What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes, one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.

What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days, seven hours, thirty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds. Special theatrical train, 1888.

What are the chances of a fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.

A GOOD PLACE FOR BANKERS.—Manchuria, in China, seems to be a good place for bankers. The English Consul at Newchwang explains the process by which those who take care of other people's money get rich. Wealthy inhabitants are afraid to let their wealth be known, as it would be calmly confiscated by the Government, which does not think its citizens should have too much money. Enormous sums are therefore deposited with bankers, and receipts are taken from them. No interest is asked, and at the death of the depositor the heirs very frequently do not know of the thousands and thousands of taels which had been deposited and which consequently go to the bank. A banker could even refuse, should he get into difficulty, to restore what he had taken on trust, as a merchant would not, of course, make a scandal which would convict him of keeping his money out of the hands of his imperial and other rulers.

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRICITY AND SEWAGE.—It is stated that, if a current of electricity is passed through sewage, it precipitates all the solid matter.

COPYING-INK.—Purple, green and black type-writer copying-inks: Use any desired aniline color; dissolve in fifteen parts alcohol, and add fifteen parts glycerine.

TO ETCH NAMES ON STEEL.—Take copper-sulphate, alum, and common salt of each two drachms, and strong acetic acid one ounce and a half; mix together. Cover the metal with yellow soap and write with a quill pen without a split. Pour the liquid in the written places and let it stand a while.

CLEANING MARBLE.—To clean marble that has become discolored from use, take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, washing with soap and water.

FOR MENDING CHINA.—Take a very thick solution of gum-arabic in water, and stir it into plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.—To lessen the fatigue of visitors to exhibitions a French inventor has suggested the use of an endless train or moving platform. His idea is to have the train on the ground level, and to let it travel slowly, so that anyone can step on or off without the train being stopped. He also proposes to let visitors use the train gratuitously, and to cover the working expenses by having seats and elevated cafes for the use of which a charge will be made. It is proposed to work the train by electricity.

REMEDY FOR TORPID LIVER.—One of the best and simplest remedies for torpid liver or biliousness is a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning. A person to whom this was recommended tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him, his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds within a few weeks. This is so simple a remedy that any person thus afflicted will do well to give it a trial, as it cannot possibly do any harm.

Farm and Garden.

FOR PROTECTION.—Panes of glass, bits of mica or tin, old bottles or anything that will glisten in the sun will frighten hawks and crows if suspended on stakes near the poultry runs.

CAPPING TREES.—A tree that is making too much height without corresponding branches should be trimmed off at the top in the fall, which will encourage greater growth in the branches next spring.

WEEDS AND GRASS.—Young weeds and grass come up after each rain. No matter how often the ground may be cultivated there seems to always be a few more seed left of weeds, and they germinate at intervals during the season. To destroy them run the cultivator over the ground after each rain.

DRYING FRUIT.—An excellent mode of drying fruit is to subject it to a cold air blast, as this has been tried with success in California. Hot air is excellent also, but it should be kept uniform in temperature and flow regular around and over the fruit. The old mode of drying in the open air is still practiced by some.

HORSES.—Good judgment is needed in selecting draught horses for use or breeding, but a writer has truly said that the production of good horses is a business in which any man may engage with the consciousness that he is doing a work that will add to the wealth and general prosperity of the country at large, and producing an article which requires no sharp practice to turn into honest money, and one which comes nearer having a fixed value than any other product of the farm.

THE DAIRY.—Dairy farming furnishes a constant source of income. It enriches the land more rapidly than any other branch of animal husbandry. It may be carried on with small capital without danger of being smothered by larger establishments. It is profitable on high-priced lands where other cattle would not more than make a good rent. In short, dairy farming, like every other branch of agriculture, has advantages peculiar to itself which make it in many places and under many circumstances a desirable and remunerative employment.

ON THE FARM.—A farmer in Texas combines the faculty of adopting the means to the end desired in a degree that makes the successful inventor and engineer. He had a tract of land useless without irrigation, which he was unable to provide for in the usual way; and he also had a family of twelve children. In his case the rising generation of family offshoots were the means, and irrigation the desired end. He had money enough to dig a well, and to buy a low-priced pump and a gigantic family swing of the picnic order. He connected the pump to the swing, gave the youngsters full liberty to amuse themselves with the latter, the result being a stream of water that makes the arid soil fairly smile.

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Memories, Good and Bad.

Among the minor miseries of life commonly looked on as a misfortune, but too often a downright fault, is a bad memory. People excuse themselves perpetually for all sorts of inconveniences caused to others on the plea of having "such a bad memory."

But, if really analyzed, this lack of the faculty of remembering is in a vast number of cases mere callous indifference and carelessness of what is due to one's neighbor. It is indeed only a bad and trying form of selfishness.

A very common form of defective memory is where persons take no interest in anything beyond their own special pursuits.

A gentleman who forgot most things—the appointments he made, the articles he fully intended to carry home from the city, the letters he ought to write—was an inveterate card-player, and always knew exactly what cards were out. His bad memory for everything else was notorious, and it was not to be wondered at if the wife of his bosom occasionally thought that the accuracy of his remembrance at the card-table might very well have been extended in other directions.

Persons who live remote from stores bring a great deal of discomfort on themselves and others if they cannot be thoughtful, and remember to kill as many birds with one stone as possible.

The wise woman, if she cannot trust her own head, will have a slate or memorandum book in a convenient place, and put down everything that is wanted, and every little bit of business that has to be done, so that when she either goes or sends a messenger there is a list ready. This is a very practical way of assisting memory, and one that is within everybody's power.

Various systems of mnemonics have been invented to assist in combining facts and dates; but the majority of them are so difficult to master, that the child who becomes proficient at them could have remembered anything else if he had tried.

Some memories are marvelously retentive on special points, such, for instance, as Cardinal Mezzofanti's, which took in languages by an almost mechanical process. The Cardinal's avowed method of learning a fresh one was by reading the grammar through once and the dictionary three times.

Another kind of memory remembers exactly what there was for dinner or supper on a given day, and this is not necessarily the memory of a gourmand.

Some children will observe a place before their parents or nurses dream that memory is at all developed, and if they never see the spot again until they are grown up, at once recognize it and know their way about.

Some minds seem to have the events of every day photographed on them with a distinctness that defies the obliterating effects of Time. These are rare, but absolutely trustworthy when they do exist.

Circumstances and probabilities often seem to belie the accuracy of such memories as these, but over and over again it is proved in spite of them. In these cases link hangs upon link, each detail is connected with every other, each one serving as a sort of peg to hang the rest on.

Yet very often the owners are conscious of nothing remarkable. It seems to them that everyone can remember what he takes an interest in, and they rather despise the weak mortals who say, "I am not sure whether I wrote yesterday or the day before, or whether it might have been the end of last week."

"You wrote on Monday, the day Mary came home, and you went to meet her at the station, and posted the letter on your way," will be the reply of the clear-minded, accustomed to connect small things together.

Memory is one of the habits of mind that may be cultivated or may be neglected till it runs away for want of use.

Considering how short life is, and that we all have only our one life, it is folly not to till the fallow ground of our own spirits, and get out of them the pleasantest and most profitable crop that the soil can be induced to bring to perfection.

THERE is a common mistake that people fall into in supposing that to have any doubt, even in one's own mind, on what some one may say is equivalent to accusing him of untruth or insincerity. Nothing could be more fallacious. Thousands of honest mistakes are made—under-statements, over-statements and mis-statements—by sincere and truth-loving persons. To make due allowance for this probability and for the influence of prejudice, or a one-sidedness which is as unconscious as it is habitual, is very different from casting any slur on the speaker's candor. The wise man knows that he too is in similar danger, and will examine and test his own motives and thoughts with even more scrutiny than he uses to those of others.

HAPPINESS is more than an effect even of character and conduct—it is an art. It is not enough to possess the materials—we must be able to work them up effectively. It cannot be denied that there are good people who have not yet learned this lesson; but they are by so much deficient in goodness. They perform many duties conscientiously, and deny themselves often for worthy purposes; but they yield to melancholy feelings, brood over their real and supposed troubles, and drive from them the young and cheerful by their heaviness and gloom. With all their allegiance to duty, they have never become convinced of the duty of happiness.

THERE is one form of evil which, while peculiarly annoying and aggravating at the time, may always be made the source of increased power and benefit. It is the opposition and antagonism which men personally receive. Usually they suffer the sting which this brings with it to rankle in their breasts and to foster an increased antogonism on their part. Yet, could they view it in another and a truer light, they should rather welcome it as a means of advancement. Under all such contradiction there is a measure of truth, often a large measure, the discovery of which would be most advantageous.

IT is fatal to obtain the reputation of being an extremely good natured person, and often mere easy good nature leads a person into error, from indiscriminately or weakly yielding to requests without having duly considered if it is just to ourselves and to others to grant them. A sense of the due proportion of things is difficult to acquire, but is most important. The truly kind person must be prepared on occasion to say "No," and to say it decidedly; but there are kind ways of declining to accede to requests we ought not to grant.

WATCH over yourself. Be your own accuser, then your judge. Ask yourself grace sometimes, and, if there is need, impose upon yourself some pain.

THE true ideal that should fill a man's heart and fire his energies is excellence in his own sphere, the living of his own particular life just as fully and nobly as he—not somebody else—can. True, this is an unknown quantity, but it is a real and attainable one. Day by day it is rising, and day by day he feels conscious of increased power. Whither it may lead him he cannot tell, but that by its guidance he will go further and accomplish more than by any other he may rest assured.

THOSE who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true that, like other idols, it can neither move, see, hear, feel nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

OUR brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up at once for all, then closes the cases, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of resurrection. "Tic-tac, tic-tac!" go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our aching foreheads.

THERE is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwelling. It is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

OTHER relaxations are peculiar to certain times, places and stages of life, but the study of letters is the nourishment of our youth, and the joy of our old age. They throw an additional splendor on prosperity, and are the resource and consolation of adversity; they delight at home, and are no embarrassment abroad; in short, they are company to us at night, our fellow-travelers on a journey, and attendants in our rural recesses.

IT is to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

WHAT honesty is in deeds sincerity is in words—the best policy. It is a policy, however, to which the artificial habits of society are not very favorable. The forms of politeness, with all their utility, have this disadvantage, that, in teaching to restrain the real sentiments and ideas which cannot conveniently be expressed, they are apt to lead to the expression of others which are not consistent with the truth.

THERE is no more important factor in individual success than good manners, for it is not in human nature not to prefer a pleasant to an unpleasant person. But for manners to be truly good they must be habitual, the expression of a courteous mind, and must be universal—not kept for "company," but for home use every hour in the day.

WHILE a man is stringing a harp, he tries the strings, not for music, but for construction. When it is finished it shall be played for melodies. God is fashioning the human heart for future joy. He only sounds a string here and there to see how far his work has progressed.

THE more honest our intentions are the less suspicious are we of others' designs.

WORTH creates enemies, but it is above them.

The World's Happenings.

A baby has been born in Chicago weighing just one pound.

The descendants of Rebecca Nurse, executed as a witch in 1692, held a reunion at Danvers, Mass., recently.

Because Mayor Nicklin, of Chattanooga, Tenn., threw dice for cigars he was arrested and fined $5 and costs.

"Kollars and Kuffs" is a specimen of the spelling on a laundry sign, which can be seen along the Bowery, N. Y.

The Mikado despises dancing, and thinks that its popularity in Japan would be a sure indication of the nation's decay.

Saloon keepers in Cincinnati propose to test the constitutionality of the law requiring them to close their places at midnight.

There is a dog in Elberton, Ga., who bears the creditable reputation of being able to distinguish Sundays from other days.

The Grand Jury at Charleston, S. C., recommends the establishment of a whipping-post for vagants and wife-beaters, and chain gangs for convicts.

A Lebanon, Conn., man who committed suicide lately during an attack of hereditary melancholia is the third of his family who perished in the same way.

Out in Delano, Cal., recently, a black ram was mean enough to chase a black bear and run him up a tree, where he was shot by the gentle shepherd in charge of the flock.

An Emporia, Kan., exchange remarks that it is impossible to get a drink of intoxicating liquor at that place except for "medicinal, mechanical or scientific purposes."

Lightning dodged into a house at Davis City, Neb., melted the wire cord holding the motto, "God Bless Our Home," and dashed it on the floor. No other damage was done.

The Prince of Wales is, as a rule, one of the best-dressed men in England, but he is this summer criticised for wearing at the races a dreadful snuff-colored suit and low hat.

Ostrich egg shells serve as water vessels among the African women. Necklaces made of pieces of egg-shells punched out in a circular form are worn by some African natives.

Mrs. A. W. Miner and Mrs. George Gillette, of New Haven, Conn., while driving were caught under the chin by a lowered telephone wire, thrown from the carriage and severely hurt.

On opening an ice-laden car, at Cincinnati, a tramp emerged and hurriedly made off. As the car had been locked three days before, it is supposed that he endured the wintry temperature all that time.

Michael J. Daily, of Larchmont, N. Y., stole $300 from his father's trunk to defray his wedding expenses. The father caused his arrest, but when he saw the bride he relented, and the young man may go free.

A traveler at St. Clairsville, Ga., out of curiosity visited the court house, and was almost horrified to find his only sister the defendant in a murder trial going on at the time. She had mysteriously disappeared from home years before and her whereabouts were unknown to her people.

John Dreyius, of Pittsburg, was found on a recent Sunday on a Jersey City street, exhausted by heat and whisky. He was quite helpless, and in his pocket was $30,000. The police took care of him and his cash, and when he sobered up put him on a White Star steamer for Europe.

A Montgomery county, Pa., jury has decided, after an all-night session, that the services of a stout, healthy lad of 15 years at general farm work are worth 37½ cents a day and board—instead of 75 cents a day and board, the amount which the boy sought to recover from his employer by legal process.

A box of fire-crackers costs 65 cents in China, each box containing 2500 crackers neatly packed and subdivided, all ready for the retail trade. A million of these boxes were imported by the trade for last season and were all sold. No doubt the same amount—that is, 2,500,000,000 fire-crackers—will be cracked away this year.

The pretty daughter of a Columbus, O., preacher is in a bad fix. She has eaten pickles until she has dwindled from 200 to 60 pounds. She can no longer eat. Her tongue is as dry and hard as a piece of leather, and the physicians say that the interior of her stomach is as hard and smooth as the surface of polished glass. The young lady is only 16 years old.

An advertisement in an English paper reads: "Wanted, before advent, unmarried priest (earnest Evangelical High Churchman) for small country church, the congregation of which is largely composed of men. Two six points. Choral services. Open-air preaching. Cricket, football and workingmen's clubs. No moustached or lawn tennis playing priest need apply."

This is put down as the latest swindle, in connection with a sharper: The farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The sharper says: "Oh, we'll keep the note," and writes across the face, "Not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of another party with an "s" added to the "Not," which makes it read "Note transferable."

While Mr. and Mrs. James Gillespie, living near Sturgeon Bay, L. I., were driving home from the village, the horse ran away, throwing Mrs. Gillespie out. When the horse was stopped Mr. Gillespie called his wife, but receiving no answer, concluded she had returned to town, and drove home. In the morning the woman was found dead in the road, having been killed by the fall.

Governor Hill, of New York, has signed the act which requires all coal dealers to procure a license or have in their employment a licensed weigher, who shall give a certificate of the weight of every ton or part of a ton of coal purchased. The purchaser must be provided with the certificate, and if the coal shall be found light weight the licensed weigher is liable to a fine not exceeding $100 and imprisonment for 30 days.

ROSES.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

When for me Life's story closes,
I'd like to be buried deep in roses;
I think, tho' dead, perhaps I'd feel
Around my heart their sweetness steal.

When underneath the coffin lid
My many faults for aye are hid,
When those I love have gone away,
And sunlight fades to solemn gray;

When grayness deepens into night,
And thro' the sky dart meteors bright;
When in the churchyard lone I rest,
I want my roses on my breast.

Their beauty sure will light the gloom
And break the loneliness of the tomb.
So mind, ye friends, when I am dead,
To scatter roses o'er my head.

Aunt Margaret.

BY F. S. D.

WANTED, by an elderly lady, a companion; must be able to read aloud, play well on the piano, and make herself generally useful. Good salary. Address Miss Margaret Haldane, Riversley Lodge, Chadleigh, N. Devon.

"Aunt Margaret advertising for a companion! I'll apply for the—situation."

"You, Mabel! Impossible! You—a companion! And oh! my dear, remember Aunt Margaret's temper."

"I know, mother. But beggars mustn't be choosers."

And Mabel shook her pretty head, and took out her writing materials with a resolute air.

The girl was right. She and her mother must now perforce take what was offered them, and be thankful.

Mabel Haldane had been brought up in the lap of luxury, waited on, indulged, courted. A bank had failed, and she and her widowed mother were suddenly reduced to absolute poverty.

Their only relative was an eccentric old aunt, with whom Mabel's father had quarrelled long ago, and whom she and her mother had never met. It was this same old lady whose advertisement Mabel had just discovered in the newspaper over which she pored daily.

A fortnight ago the girl would have acted differently. She had gained much experience in that short period, and had found out how difficult it is for a woman in her position to gain a bare livelihood.

People nowadays do not care for governesses unless they have passed examinations and are certificated, and thus can prove that they are really fit to teach. Mabel had discovered to her cost how little she could do.

The poor girl had written so many letters, and received so many refusals in reply, if indeed her applications were answered at all, that she was almost in despair. It was galling to her pride to apply to her aunt, but it seemed to be a last resource.

Anxiously the reply to her letter was awaited.

It came by return of post (Aunt Margaret was businesslike), and ran thus:—

"Dear Niece,—If you choose to come, I will try you. But clearly understand that I shall expect you to do all I require of you, and to forget that there is any relationship between us. If you don't suit me, I shall not scruple to send you away. Above all, remember that I don't intend to leave you my money. Come next Tuesday. Kind regards to your mother. When you are living with me in the capacity of useful companion, pray forget that I have ever signed myself—Your affectionate aunt, "MARGARET HALDANE."

* * * * * *

A splendid evening in June. The air laden with delicious scents—the sky cloudless. Mabel wanders sadly through the gardens, rich with beautiful flowers and shrubs.

She is bidding her old haunts farewell, for to-morrow she will leave them for ever. Her mother is in the house, tired out, and resting on the sofa.

Mrs. Haldane is going into humble lodgings in a quiet seaside village, with an old friend whose circumstances are also altered. So her daughter is tolerably happy in leaving her. The girl sits down on a rustic seat, under a wide-spreading tree, where she is hidden by high bushes of rhododendron from observation.

She thinks of the happy hours she has spent in the dear home—never so dear as now, when she must part from it. She wonders what is awaiting her in the dim future, and she dreads the change in her life.

Mabel makes a pretty picture as she sits there. She is tall and graceful; her dark eyes are bright and expressive; her dark hair lies in thick short curls on her low, white forehead; her features are delicate and regular: there is resolution and courage suggested by the firm lines of her rather large mouth and by the shape of her finely cut chin.

Her eyes are moist with tears just now, but she carries her shapely head erect, and sets her white teeth hard as she determines, once for all, to cast vain regrets aside, and go bravely out to meet her future. She is not a girl to sink under misfortune, but will make a good fight against it.

After a while she rises, and gathers a bunch of the roses that surround her. She presses the flowers to her lips and to her breast, then goes slowly into the house, her hands full of the sweet spoil.

* * * * *

Mabel has accomplished her long journey alone without let or hindrance. She finds that travelling without a maid is not so dreadful after all.

She is tired as she stands at last at the door of Miss Haldane's pretty house in Devonshire.

Beautiful hills, picturesque ferny valleys meet her eyes as she notes the extensive view from Miss Haldane's charming garden. Surely she can be happy in a Paradise like this!

The man who brought her luggage from the station is waiting impatiently. Mabel rings a second time, and hears the sharp tinkle of a bell in the house.

At length the door is opened slowly by a melancholy-looking woman, who glances curiously under her bent brows at the new comer. Mabel takes an instinctive dislike to her at first glance.

She is dressed in black, with a spotlessly white cap and apron. She is tall and angular, with lines of grey showing themselves in her hair.

Her eyes do not look straight at Mabel, but she appears to take surreptitious note of her.

Her lips are thin and compressed, and there is an habitual frown on her forehead.

"Is it Miss Mabel Haldane?" she asks, with a sneering emphasis on the name.

"Yes. My au—— Miss Haldane expects me, I believe," says Mabel, looking the woman full in the face with her honest eyes.

"Miss Haldane is expecting a new companion to-day, the same name as herself, which will be awkward."

The woman's eyes drop before the ominous flash that shoots from Mabel's dark orbs.

"What a horrid creature!" thinks the girl, as she follows her conductor down the hall.

In another moment the drawing-room door is opened by her forbidding-looking Abigail, and Mabel sees a tall old lady standing before her. This is Miss Haldane. Although she has already passed the allotted term of threescore years and ten, she is still handsome and upright.

She has a fine, well-cut, determined face, soft, snowy hair banded under a lace cap, and keen, dark eyes under well-defined eyebrows. She leans on a massive stick, and is carefully dressed in rich black silk, with delicate white ruffles at her throat and wrists.

She advances, and lays a cold hand in Mabel's outstretched palm.

"So you are come," she says, in a harsh voice, which jars on the girl's ears after her mother's gentle tones. "Esther will show you to your room, and give you tea. By-and-by I want you to read the paper to me, for I can't understand Esther, and my eyes are failing me. So be as quick as possible."

Not a word of welcome. Nothing to show that the old lady is pleased to see her. Chilled and discouraged, in spite of her resolutions, Mabel turns sadly away; and, preceded by the forbidding-looking waiting-maid, goes to the room that is prepared for her.

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In spite of her chilling and disappointing reception, Mabel succeeds in getting on better than she dared to hope with the old lady after a while.

The girl's brightness, her unwearying patience, her good temper, fairly win over Miss Haldane. The old lady soon begins to find herself happier and more cheerful than she has been for years under the influence of this fresh young spirit.

Mabel exerts herself to the utmost to do all her aunt requires, and she is surprised to find that she succeeds so well.

Miss Haldane is taken with the girl's honest fearlessness, and gradually begins to relax from her harshness and stiffness, and take real pleasure in her niece's society.

But in proportion as the aunt and niece begin to understand and appreciate each other, as does Esther, the old lady's favored waiting-maid, who has been in her service for many years, hate and endeavor to annoy the interloper (as she considers Mabel). The woman does everything in her power to set the old lady against her niece, and (when out of Miss Haldane's sight) she treats Mabel with an insolence she can hardly bear.

But for her mother's sake and for her own also, Mabel tries to conciliate this woman, whom she dislikes and fears. Esther has been a trusted servant so long that Miss Haldane will hear nothing against her, yet from many trivial things she notices, Mabel feels sure that the woman abuses the trust reposed in her. But she cannot prove it to be so.

* * * * * *

"See here, Mabel!"

It is some months since the girl became an inmate of her aunt's house, and this afternoon she has entered Miss Haldane's own room in answer to her summons. Mabel starts with astonishment at the sight before her.

The old lady is standing up, erect and firm, and is pointing with a smile to the table before her. It is literally covered with splendid diamonds.

There is a priceless tiara, in its crimson velvet case, fit to adorn Royalty, besides many costly bracelets, pendants, studs, and brooches.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaims Mabel, as she looks at the jewels. "But surely, aunt, it is most unsafe for you to keep these valuable diamonds here in this lonely house!"

"I've had them under lock and key for years," said the old lady. "No one knows they are in the house, not even Esther, though I could trust her with anything. But perhaps it's not prudent. You've been reading of burglaries quite lately in this neighborhood. It may be as well to put them in the bank, or some safe place. Let me see how these baubles become you, child?"

Miss Haldane took up the necklet, and fastened it around her niece's slender throat.

Just as she had done so, and as the girl was laughingly drawing herself to her full height, the door noiselessly opened, and Esther entered.

Neither Miss Haldane nor Mabel perceived her until she was standing close to the table. The woman's face changed as she caught sight of the gems, and an indescribable expression crossed it.

With an eager gleam in her eyes, and with a cat-like soft tread, she was drawing nearer to the table, when Miss Haldane saw her.

"Esther! What are you doing here? Why can't you wait till you hear my bell? I'm busy with Miss Mabel just now, and don't wish to be interrupted."

At this unusually sharp speech from her mistress, Esther bit her lip hard.

"I thought the bell rang, Ma'am," she said, sulkily. "I'm sure I've no wish to intrude where I'm not wanted."

"Don't be a fool, Esther," Miss Haldane rejoined. Then, pointing to the diamonds, she said, "What do you think of these?"

"I'm no judge of such things, ma'am. I couldn't tell their value no more than a child."

Mabel kept her eyes fixed on Esther as she stooped over the table, and the trembling of the woman's hands and the curious glitter in her eyes belied her careless words.

"Aunt Margaret must get these diamonds out of the house at once," she thought, as she unfastened the necklet and laid it down.

Esther lingered in the room, making believe to busy herself. Mabel fancies that she watched furtively as her mistress put away the gems, and locked the cabinet in which she placed them.

As Miss Haldane took the key from the lock, a sudden crash was heard, and the key fell from her hand, as she turned sharply round.

Esther had thrown down and broken into a thousand pieces a valuable vase in which Mabel had arranged flowers that morning.

"What can you be thinking of, Esther? I never knew you so clumsy before."

And the old lady tapped impatiently on the floor with her stick.

"I'm very sorry, Ma'am. I can't think how I could be so stupid."

And the woman groped about for the broken pieces.

"No use trying to mend it. Throw away the bits, and do try to be more careful," said Miss Haldane, crossly. "Where's the key I dropped just now?"

And the old lady impatiently pushed the point of her stick over the carpet.

"Miss Haldane is looking for the key you picked up, Esther," said Mabel, quietly, keeping her eyes fixed on the woman's downcast face.

Esther started, turned pale with anger, and flashed an evil glance at Mabel from under her frowning brows. It was not a pleasant look to meet.

The woman's hands shook as she held out the key.

"I was just going to give it to you, ma'am. Miss Mabel is so quick."

And a sinister smile that was more like a sneer made her look even more forbidding than usual.

It was not an agreeable situation. Mabel felt now that there must be open war thenceforth between them.

* * * * * *

Miss Haldane loved music. The sweet sounds made by Mabel's skilful fingers on the piano soothed her troubled spirit, as the strains of the harp exercised the demon in the King of Israel ages ago. She did not understand why she felt worried this evening, unless it was at the loss of her pet vase.

Whatever may have been the cause, she pined for the soothing charm of melody, and settled herself comfortably on the sofa, while Mabel prepared to play to her.

"Begin with that air of Handel's, child," she said; "the one I liked yesterday, and don't stop playing till I tell you. I want something soft and soothing, not a flourish of trumpets and display of fireworks, mind."

Mabel sits down obediently, and after running her fingers lightly over the keys, begins to play.

Music is her delight, and soon she forgets time and place. When she turns round at length to look at her aunt, the old lady is peacefully sleeping.

Twilight is deepening fast. Mabel has been playing for more than half-an-hour; now it is almost dark in the room.

The girl lays a coverlet over her aunt's feet; her head is aching, and she is tired and anxious.

She throws a shawl over her shoulders, and, closing the door softly, goes out into the garden. The sweet evening breeze stirs her hair, and cools her hot brow. She goes down to the shrubbery, where there is a sheltered path.

She has paced up and down once or twice, when she hears someone speaking in low tones.

Instinctively she stops, holds her breath, and listens, for she recognizes Esther's voice. Mabel's nerves are already unhinged, and she trembles and turns pale. The second voice is that of a man—he speaks in harsh tones—and is a stranger to Mabel.

"You haven't mistook the value of 'em, you're sure?" she hears distinctly.

There is a low laugh from Esther.

"Trust me," she says. "Once get hold of what's in that old lady's cabinet, in her bedroom, and a dozen fortunes are ours. And as sure as I'm speaking to you, that girl is getting round the old lady, with her pink and white face and sneaking ways. If you and me don't get those diamonds while we can, she'll have 'em sure enough."

Mabel shrank further back, feeling sick and faint, as the accomplices came close to her, and stood directly on the other side of the bush which hid her from their sight.

"I hate her," hissed the woman through her clenched teeth. "I tell you, Jem, I'd sooner die than she should get that treasure."

The man laughed a low mocking laugh.

"That's like a woman," he said. She'll stick at nothing to spite another woman she's jealous of. Well, lass, we'll share alike. Only, if there's mischief done, don't blame me. But I'll be ready to-morrow evening; ten o'clock sharp. Bill will be on the watch outside, in case I whistle for help. It's not likely. I can manage two women fast enough."

"What's that? I heard something move. Hush—sh—sh!" whispered Esther, seizing the man's arm.

Mabel's heart sank.

"Nonsense," said the man addressed as "Jem;" "it's only a bird in the bush. 10 o'clock sharp. You're sure the coast 'll be clear?"

"I'll see that all the servants are away. There's some junketing going on at Chadleigh to-morrow, and they're all wild to go. I'll manage that. But, Jem, suppose——"

"The girl or the old lady show fight?" growls the man.

Mabel clenches her hand, and bites her

lip till it bleeds.

"Then—I don't stick at trifles, lass, and they must take their chance. Let them beware. There'll be no one to tell tales. Once get the diamonds, and you and me 'll make ourselves scarce."

"I shouldn't care for harm to happen to the old lady," says the woman's voice; "but the girl—with her false face! I shall be wanted in the house, and missed, Jem. I'll let you out at the lower gate.

The voices die away, and the sound of the footsteps grows faint, then ceases.

Mabel speeds like a lapwing into the house, rushes to her room, and is startled to see what a white, terrified face is reflected in her glass as she lights her candle with shaking fingers.

* * * * * *

"Fads and fiddlesticks! You've been dreaming. I don't believe a word of such rubbish," said Miss Haldane, bringing her stick down on the Turkey carpet with a bang.

Mabel was almost in despair. She had told her aunt her story, and this was how it was received. There was no time to be lost.

All the servants but Esther had asked for a holiday this afternoon. Again and again did Mabel, at last with tears in her eyes, implore Miss Haldane to let her take the necessary precautions.

At length the old lady gave her niece permission to do as she liked, only not to worry her.

As to suspecting Esther, Miss Haldane declared that she would as soon suspect herself.

"It's some foolish mistake, you'll soon find, child," she said. "You're, like your poor father—as obstinate as possible. Have your own way. Only I'm not going to disturb myself. I can't send the diamonds away till the end of the week. Drive down to the town if you like, but don't be late and keep me waiting for lunch."

Mabel did not lose a moment, but ordered the pony-carriage. Esther followed her to the door when she was ready to start.

"I'm going to Chadleigh for Miss Haldane; I'll be back to lunch, Esther," the girl said. "Miss Haldane doesn't care to go out herself to-day."

Esther made no answer, but watched the carriage drive off, with an evil look on her face.

As soon as she was well out sight, Mabel did not spare the old pony, but put him to his best speed.

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Had Miss Haldane been a man and a soldier, she would have led a forlorn hope without flinching; she did not know what fear was.

But as the evening wore slowly on, even she became a little restless and uneasy. The very idea of her trusted Esther, for whom she had from time to time done so much, being unfaithful to her, was disquieting.

But of course it was all an absurd mistake. Though Mabel was a good girl, she never could get on with Esther; and dislike made her fanciful.

Mabel had tried to make all arrangements to prevent mischief, but she was, naturally, nervous and uneasy.

Her voice trembled as she read the paper; and her eyes kept wandering to the clock. 9.30—15 minutes to 10—5 minutes past.

A bell rings sharply. Miss Haldane instinctively grasps her big stick. Mabel turns red—then white—as Esther enters, with a sardonic smile on her unpleasant face.

"Someone wants to see you on business, ma'am," she says, in a voice strangely unlike her usual respectful tones.

"What! at this time of night?" returns Miss Haldane, irritably. "I shall see no one now. How dare you bring me such a message?"

And the old lady's voice trembles with anger.

"The man insists on seeing you, ma'am. He says his business cannot wait. Here he is."

And with an air of triumph Esther throws open the door, and the ladies find themselves confronted with a powerfully-built man, carrying a murderous-looking bludgeon in his hand, and with a mask over his face. He coolly produces several ropes from his capacious pockets.

"Now you two ladies keep quiet," he says, "and no one will harm you. Just let me slip these bracelets round you both, to make sure, while I take what I'm come for, and I swear I won't hurt a hair of your heads. But scream, and make a row—you may scream yourselves hoarse, and nobody 'll be the wiser; we've taken care of that, and it 'll be the worse for you. Now then, my beauty——" And the ruffian advances towards Mabel.

At the same moment a small door that leads into an anteroom opens, and three policemen suddenly appear upon the scene.

Esther, who is near the door, gives a shrill scream, and tries to escape; but she is hand-cuffed in a moment.

"Jem" shares the same fate, to his intense surprise. A terrible oath escapes the fellow's lips as he finds what a trap has been laid for him.

One of the policemen goes to the window, and blows a shrill whistle.

After the lapse of two or three moments, another masked ruffian is in the room, only to share the fate of his companions.

"It's a worse and more ungrateful world than I gave it credit for," says Miss Haldane, shaking her stick at the discomfited waiting-maid, her eyes flashing with scorn and anger. "Let me never see your false face again."

"The game's up. I'll come with you quietly, never fear," growls the man called "Jem."

"It's not the first time either, my man," says his captor, quietly.

"I will say this," continues the burglar, ignoring the policeman's remark—"I will say this, that a cleverer take in I never did see. You've done for us nicely, and for yourself, too, you fool!"

He cast this parting shaft at Esther, who stood trembling in every limb, the picture of abject despair.

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"So you won't listen to that misguided young man, and you decide to stop with your old aunt as long as she wants you, which can't be very long, child," Miss Haldane is saying, as she looks inquiringly at Mabel's blushing. ("No wonder Sir Charles is taken with the child," thinks the old lady, after her scrutiny.) "How like you grow to your father!" she says aloud.

The girl lays her hand on her aunt's arm.

"I won't leave you as long as you will keep me, aunt," she says, simply.

"You're a good girl, Mabel."

There is a little tremor in Miss Haldane's voice, and an unwonted moisture in her eyes.

"I may as well tell you that I've altered my will, and have made over those diamonds and all my property, excepting some legacies, to you. "You are my own flesh and blood, and the image of poor Robert. So when the time comes for your wedding, you won't be a portionless bride, my dear."

His Disappearance.

BY SYLORD.

THE bright sunbeams of a morning were pouring into the windows of a cosy little house in Canonbury; the air was heavy with the scent of the new-mown hay which was lying in heaps in the park by the side of the New River, and the sweet carol of birds made it seem as if the scene were in some remote part of the country instead of being, as it really was, in one of London's most thickly populated suburbs.

Ellen Tomlinson was moving briskly about the snug little parlor, arranging with deft fingers the breakfast equipage. As a finishing touch, she placed a vase of flowers in the middle of the table, and then drew back a step to admire her handiwork.

"There," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "my part of the work is done; and now if May has only got papa's bacon fried crisply, as he likes it, I think that I may call him down to breakfast. May," she cried, as she went into the hall and leaned over the kitchen stairs, "is papa's breakfast ready for him?"

"Yes, Miss Ellen," replied a voice from the lower regions. "I was just going to bring it up."

"Do so then, please," answered Ellen, "and I will call papa," and tripping upstairs, she knocked at a door on the next landing.

Mr. John Tomlinson, the father of the young lady to whom we have just been introduced, was an eminently respectable man, who had by dint of hard work risen to the post of chief clerk in the house of Helm and Lanyard, Shipbrokers, of Leadenhall Street, in whose office he daily made his appearance as the clock chimed 10.30.

Mr. Tomlinson was a widower, and neither Ellen nor her brother had any recollection of their mother.

Charles Tomlinson was a clerk in Somerset House, and both he and Ellen had been brought up from infancy by an aunt of their mother's, until their father had returned home from a situation he had been filling abroad, and assumed the guardianship of his children.

He was a hard-working, painstaking man, and gave great satisfaction to his employers, who were at first disposed to look with an eye of distrust upon a man who, in seeking employment, was unable to refer them to any firm in the City of London; but as the years went on, they congratulated themselves upon the lucky chance that had thrown so hardworking and trustworthy a servant in their way. Tomlinson's principal relaxation was working in the little plot of garden at the back of his house, and therefore Ellen was not surprised at receiving no answer to her repeated taps upon the door, as he was often in the habit of getting up early to snatch an hour for his favorite pursuit.

"Papa, papa," she cried, again making the panel resound, "are you not awake, your breakfast will be cold."

But there was no reply.

"He must be in the garden," thought she, and opening a window in the staircase, she looked out.

But there was no one to be seen in the little oblong piece of ground.

Ellen retraced her steps, and after again fruitlessly knocking, opened the door and cautiously peeped in.

The room was entirely empty. The bed had been slept in, and there were all the signs that Mr. Tomlinson had performed his morning toilet, but of him there was not the slightest trace.

"You wicked papa," said Ellen, "where are you hiding yourself. Come out directly, or you shall have no breakfast."

"Ellen," said Charles Tomlinson, putting his head out of his bedroom door, "what is all this noise about?"

"I can't find papa, Charley," replied she.

"Not find the governor! why, what on earth has become of him? I suspect he is in the garden—he always was an early bird after the flowers and vegetables."

"He is not in the garden," returned Ellen, with a slight shade of anxiety in her tone.

Rather startled at this intelligence her brother joined her with speed.

Mr. Tomlinson's room was carefully searched, and it was discovered that he had dressed himself in his usual manner—that is to say, his everyday clothes were missing, but his watch and chain and his purse were on his dressing-table.

The brother and sister looked at each other in astonishment.

"Let us go down stairs," suggested Charley.

They descended to the hall.

"Papa's hat has gone," remarked Charles, glancing at a row of pegs against the wall, "but his umbrella is here in the stand."

"The front door is not closed," cried Helen, turning very pale, and sinking into one of the hall chairs.

"Come, come, don't get nervous," said Charles, "he has just stepped out for something, let us go into the parlor and wait for him."

They did so, and waited for more than an hour," but Mr. Tomlinson did not come back, nor, in fact, did he ever do so again.

Ellen was half-frantic with grief and apprehension, and her heart was tortured with a thousand different fears, each one more terrible than the one that preceded it. Charles, seizing his hat rushed to the nearest police-station and gave information of his father's strange disappearance, but though every effort was made, and the neighborhood completely scoured, no news of the missing man was ever obtained.

The weary weeks passed on, and matters still remained in the same unsatisfactory condition.

Mr. Tomlinson's drawers and boxes were thoroughly investigated, but not a scrap of paper was found that gave the slightest clue to his mysterious disappearance.

Everything appeared to be in the most perfect order, and bank notes to the amount of eleven hundred pounds were found in an old brass-bound desk.

Messrs. Helm and Lanyard certified that their books were in perfect order, and that there was not a shilling that could not be accounted for, and they showed their sympathy for the bereaved son and daughter by lending active aid in the search after the missing man.

Meanwhile Charles Tomlinson resigned his position in Somerset House, for he found that he could not perform his duties and continue his search for his father, and spent his time in prosecuting his inquiries. There was not a single body found in the Thames that he did not minutely inspect. In cases of unknown persons being found dead in their lodgings or in the streets, Charles was on the spot almost as soon as the authorities; but in no case were his efforts crowned with success.

He inspected the passenger lists of outward bound vessels, and frequented the lowest slums of the city: but all in vain, for no signs of John Tomlinson were to be discovered.

At last, feeling that further search would be useless, he accepted a seat in the office of Messrs. Helm and Lanyard, and settled down quietly to his work.

Not so his sister Ellen. From the first she had made up her mind that her father would return to his old home, and every night she sat up ready to welcome the wanderer; and oft in the still watches of the night she would creep downstairs, under the impression that she heard her father's steps in the street.

And month after month passed on, and, save by his children, the disappearance of Mr. Tomlinson began to be forgotten in the neighborhood.

Let us return to the little house at Canonbury upon the morning of the mysterious event.

The bright beams of the sun shining in through his bedroom window, roused Mr. Tomlinson from his slumbers. He sprang out of bed, and proceeded leisurely to make his toilet.

When he was completely dressed he advanced to the window, and throwing it up, leaned his elbows upon the sill and drew in all the fragrance of the morning air with a deep inhalation.

As he did so a man who had been lurking about the neighborhood for some hours, stepped smartly forward, and nodding to Mr. Tomlinson, beckoned him to descend. Had the stranger possessed the countenance of the fabled Medusa, Mr. Tomlinson could not have betrayed more abject terror; his face turned ghastly pale, and he staggered back from the window.

The stranger made a more imperative gesture, and Mr. Tomlinson seeming to nerve himself by a mighty effort, made a sign in the affirmative; then crossing the room, he took something from a drawer, which he placed in his breast pocket, and creeping downstairs, seized his hat; then opening the front door with every precaution, but abstaining from closing it, he walked swiftly up to the stranger, and taking his arm, moved away from the vicinity of his own house.

For a moment the stranger seemed rather taken aback at this style of greeting, but seeming to recover himself he walked silently along until they came to a narrow lane flanked on each side by high garden walls.

Not a soul was to be seen at this early hour, and the place seemed made for a private interview. The two men, as if by mutual consent, stopped here, and the stranger untwisting his arm from the grasp of Mr. Tomlinson, broke the silence.

"Well, Jim Sutton," said he, "you are a cool customer."

Mr. Tomlinson made no reply, but looked anxiously up and down the lane.

"To think," resumed the stranger, "that I should have got my hand on you to-day by mere chance. I never forget a face, and when I saw you at the window I could hardly believe my eyes. Why, it must be over fifteen years since you did us all so cleverly."

Mr. Tomlinson wrung his hands and uttered a stifled groan.

"Well, I suppose you'll come along quietly, and we had better look sharp and get back to your shop, for I must have a look over it. But here, man, are you mad?"

He might well utter this question, for by a sudden movement Mr. Tomlinson had grasped him by the throat, pushed him back against the wall, and pressed the muzzle of a revolver which he had drawn from his breast, against his forehead.

"I am desperate," muttered Mr. Tomlinson, hoarsely. "Stir but a finger, raise but a single cry for help, and you are a dead man. You know me, Bentley, and I know you; we can each depend upon the other. Now it is my fancy that no mention should be made of my home or my belongings. If you will give me your word that you will say you met me in the street and recognized me, I will go quietly with you; but if not, by the heavens above us, I will blow out your brains as you stand, and take my chance of the consequences. . . . Oh, man!" he added, as Bentley made no sign; "it is for my son and daughter that I am pleading. Think of their young lives being ruined by the disclosure of their father's shame. Have pity on me, and remember that you are wronging no one by keeping a silent tongue on one point."

"I ain't afraid of your pistol, Jim Sutton," returned Bentley, in a low voice; "you know that well enough."

"Yes, I do," answered Mr. Tomlinson.

"And I don't see any good in hurting the kids; so it's a bargain, and as far as I can matters shall be kept quiet if you'll come along quietly with me. Is it a bargain?"

The only reply that Mr. Tomlinson made was to take his grasp from Bentley's throat and to place the revolver in his pocket.

"I am ready," said he, in a broken voice; "but, O God! that it should come to this after so many years. . . . Let us get away from here as quickly as we can."

"It does seem hard," remarked Bentley, as the two men walked briskly away, "for to my mind you hadn't much to do with the forgery; it was the finding of the notes at your place that got you lagged."

"I protested at the trial that my wife's brother left me the parcel to take care of, and that I knew nothing of its contents."

"He might have cleared you then," interposed Bentley.

"He would have done so, I am sure," returned Tomlinson; "but, you remember, that before the case came to trial he died of an attack of apoplexy."

"So he did, so he did," said Bentley; "and you got fifteen years, but you didn't do 'em. How did you get out?"

A sad smile passed over Mr. Tomlinson's face.

"There are ways and means of doing everything when a man makes up his mind," returned he.

"Well, then all I can say is, that it's precious lucky for the world at large that there is so little mind amongst the lags," remarked Bentley, sententiously.

But why linger over a sad and dreary tale?

James Sutton, an escaped convict, was sent back to work out the remainder of his sentence, with an additional five years for his audacity in releasing himself before his allotted time had expired.

Bentley, the detective, kept his word, and the connection between Tomlinson and Sutton was never made public.

* * * * * *

Six long years have passed since the events that have just been described had transpired, and Charles and Ellen Tomlinson still occupied the same house in Canonbury.

Neither had thought of getting married, for the mysterious disappearance of their father had cast a deep shadow over their lives.

One day Charles Tomlinson returned from the city with a look of gladness upon his usually grave face.

"Ellen," said he, "I have some good news to tell you. Helm and Lanyard have raised my salary to three hundred a year, and I am to go to Gibraltar to conduct some business. It is a charming time of year for the trip, and I have made up my mind to take you, little woman, with me. You spend too much of your time with your gloomy thoughts, and will be all the better for a freshening up."

"But, Charley, suppose that he should come and find no one here," objected Ellen, with a tear starting at the very thought.

"My poor Ellen," returned her brother, "do not be angry with me, but I fear that you must begin to give up all hope; our poor father must be dead, or he never would have stayed away for so long a period. But, there, dry your eyes, and get your things together for a trip. We shall be away about three months, and I intend to travel *en prince*. Helm and Lanyard pay all my expenses, and I am going to dip freely into the residue of the money that we found in that old desk of our poor father's."

Ellen made a few more objections, but her brother overruled them all, and three weeks later the brother and sister were walking on the Alameda at Gibraltar.

"I am so wearied of seeing nothing but soldiers, Charley, dear," remarked Ellen,

"the place looks like one vast barrack, and if it were not for the relief of the blue of the artillery uniforms, I think that I should be like a bull, and go mad at the superabundance of scarlet."

"Well, here is a change for you at anyrate, even if it is not a pleasant one," returned her brother, pointing to a party of men marching along the dusty road.

By their broad-brimmed hats and hideous yellow garments daubed over with black broad arrows, Ellen, with a shudder, recognised a working party of convicts.

Tramp, tramp, they came heavily through the white dust, a collection of human tigers, ready, if the watchful guard that was kept on them were relaxed for a moment, to gratify all their instincts for rapine and murder.

On both flanks of the party walked the warders, armed with cutlass and revolver, ready to use either at the slightest sign of disaffection.

Tramp, tramp, they came, nearer and nearer, with a jingling of leg-irons and the sound of the occasional hoarse word of command from the warders, until they arrived at the spot where the brother and sister were standing.

In a moment Ellen grew pale as death, and with a half inarticulate cry, she fell fainting into her brother's arms, pointing her finger, as she did so at the convict party.

But Charles Tomlinson had made the same discovery that his sister had, for at the very head of the party, looking wan and weary, walked their father, whose mysterious disappearance had so clouded their young lives.

That night the brother and sister held a council in their chamber.

"How fortunate that I had saved so much of the money we found, and that I had just received my half-year's salary," said Charles.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked his sister.

"That I will have him out of this," said Charles. "Do you think that I would leave our father in this living hell?"

"No, I never thought that you would. But, Charles, what can he have done?"

"Such a father as he was to us could have done no wrong," returned Charles, rather illogically." But let us consider the best course to pursue."

The conference lasted until the small hours of the morning; but at length a plan was agreed upon.

From that day Charles Tomlinson's mode of life underwent an entire alteration. Though he had never been neglectful of his religious duties, he became more sedulous than ever in their performance, and cultivated the society of the chaplain attached to the convict establishment with the greatest perseverance.

After some weeks his figure became well known in the convict yard and the hospital, where he would sit up by the bedside of the sick convicts, and read to them from the book of eternal life.

The only relaxation which he seemed to take was an occasional trip in a small sailing boat which he had hired, and in which he used to take cruises about the bay.

For some days past he had been in close attendance at the bedside of the convict James Sutton, who about a week before had been taken with a strange illness which baffled all the skill of the surgeon attached to the hulks.

"It seems like a sort of want of vitality, Mr. Tomlinson," said he. "If it were any other man than James Sutton I should say that it was a case of sham, but he is a different kind of bird to that; never once been reported, always ready for his work—in short, a thoroughly well behaved man: one with a sad history, no doubt. He will not last long, I expect, and, poor devil, his last hours may as well be easy ones."

How Charles Tomlinson flushed as he heard his father thus referred to, and how he loathed the deceitful part that he was playing; but the recollection that it was for the release of a father who, in their hurried confidences, had assured him that he was guiltless of the crime laid to his charge, nerved him to continue his task.

That night, as Charles sat by his father's bedside, a whispered conversation took place.

"It is for to-night, then?" said the convict.

"If you feel yourself strong enough, father."

"Hush! don't use that word. Strong enough? I should think that I was. What time will the boat be in waiting?"

"At 12. Do you think that you can slip out unperceived?"

"Yes; twice I have been down to the water's edge within the last four days, and not a soul has seen me. There will be no moon, though, and all will be as dark as a cellar."

"At 12 precisely I will show a lantern for a moment, and do so at intervals of three minutes until you reach me."

"Humpp, it is a risk; but I do not see what else we can do. Mind and keep fifty yards from the shore, and in case of an alarm pull off, and do not think of me."

A grasp of the hand was the only reply, and shortly afterwards Charles Tomlinson left the hospital.

That night, as the sentries at the New Mole were being changed, the corporal in charge of the relieving party fancied that he saw a bright gleam appear on the sea in front of the convict barracks.

He watched the spot carefully, and in a few minutes the flash was repeated. Convinced that something was wrong he summoned the officer of the guard.

In a short time the same light appeared and a boat could be seen motionless on the inky waves, whilst the head of a man could be descried a little distance from it, swimming towards it.

"Guard turn out," shouted the officer; and hailing the boat, he ordered it to pull in under the Mole.

No attention was paid to the command. Twice it was repeated, then the order was given to fire. The flash of the rifles showed the mysterious boat pulling hard away towards the middle of the bay, but no sign of the swimmer could be seen.

But the garrison was thoroughly alarmed; bugles rang out their calls, the guards turned out in all directions, and blue lights and rockets lit up the night, showing a small pleasure boat running before the wind, making for the entrance of the bay. Twice a heavy gun from the Europa Main Guard was fired, but without effect; and before steam could be got up on the gunboat that was lying in the harbor, she had got so far as to defy all chance of a successful pursuit.

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It was on a lovely morning that a small sailing vessel was lying off the African coast.

Upon a mattress was stretched the form of a man, whose worn and haggard countenance betrayed the marks of premature old age; whilst a blood-stained bandage, which crossed and re-crossed his chest, showed that there was something more to contend with than any of the usual ills to which man is heir to.

A girl was sitting beside him, supporting him with her arm.

A young man knelt on the deck, clasping his hand; whilst at a distance stood the sailors, gazing with an expression of sympathy upon the wounded man.

"My children," said John Tomlinson, "all you did was for the best. It was a chance shot, fired in the darkness of night, that marred all your plans; but do not grieve, I am happy, for I die free, and amongst those dear ones that I had never hoped to see again. Ellen, do not grieve. Charles, my boy, you must not get into trouble over this. There is nothing but circumstantial evidence to connect you with it. Tell your kind masters, Helm and Lanyard, all; but do not return to Gibraltar. Make, as you originally intended, for Marseilles, and get to England as soon as you can. When I am dead, bury me at sea; but remember, as sure as I am about to appear before my Maker's tribunal, I am an innocent man."

"Father, we believe you," cried both the brother and sister, not attempting to restrain their tears.

A smile of ineffable happiness beamed over the wasted features of John Tomlinson; he made an attempt to rise and embrace his children, but the effort was too much for him; he sank back, and with the same sweet smile upon his lips, passed away from a world which had been to him one of so much undeserved trouble and unmerited punishment.

His last wishes were obeyed, and his body committed to the wave; after which mournful ceremony Charles and Ellen returned home. Whatever the authorities of Gibraltar may have suspected, they allowed the matter to drop.

Messrs. Helm and Lanyard found no fault with Charles for the part that he had played, and he eventually rose to the same position that his father had occupied before him. Ellen married well, and was the happy mother of a loving family.

But lawless although the act they had done at Gibraltar may be thought, neither of them for a moment regretted the part they had played in the second disappearance of Mr. Tomlinson.

BECOMING OLDER.

THERE is, I think, nothing more difficult to realize than that youth has shaken hands with us and bidden us a final good bye, and that for the future we must resign ourselves to the fact that an ever-rising, ever-growing, younger generation is taking our place and is probably speaking of us as we did not expect to be spoken of for, at least, the next twenty years to come.

It seems only yesterday that we considered the death of anyone over thirty as a thing to be expected rather than otherwise, and we have hardly ceased to consider the demise of a girl of seventeen or eighteen as something romantically delightful and enviable when we suddenly remember, as if we had been doused with cold water, so unpleasant is the remembrance, that we could not be considered to have perished at a promising period of our lives were we to die now—that there are actually people who might think of us as we used to think of the veterans bordering on forty, did we depart this moment on our voyage towards the unseen.

At first we are ourselves the offenders against ourselves. We speak slightingly of someone's unfitness for something on the score of age—laugh, maybe, at the costume or the fondness for skating and ball-going of such an one—and then suddenly remember that we are most likely contemporaneous.

We stop suddenly in our speech, and wonder whether we too are not making ourselves ridiculous in their eyes by some occupation or garment out of which we should have grown mentally long ago, while we force ourselves to stare our baptismal register in the face, and make that tell us, what no one else will, the real and true state of the case.

We rise from our seat of contemplation and look steadily in the glass. There we see, unfortunately, evidences of the march of time that we cannot quite disregard.

There are lines that were once absent, soft grey streaks in the hair that was once dark and thick, and a suspicious blurring or widening of the once delicate outlines. We have observed that certain colors we formerly wore do not quite suit us as well as they used to, and we have dim notion that hats, except in the depths of the country, are not for us.

Yet even that did not make us so certain of advancing years as did the truthful glass into which we gazed, determined that it should show us the worst and not the best of ourselves; and still we turn away, forgetting the hard facts once more, and only now and then do we remember that all fashions are not for us, and that the charming lightness and frivolity of girlish garments are *non est* so far as we are concerned.

Perhaps milliners and dressmakers are the worst people possible to take into our confidence on this subject, and yet undoubtedly they ought to be the best; but, anxious to please their customer, they assure her of the becomingness of anything that takes her fancy, and should she express her qualms about the suitability they are ready at once to assure "Madame," almost with tears in their eyes, that she looks so young, so charming, in the special gown or bonnet; and Madame buys it, often enough to repent in secret over her foolishness, and to suffer tortures in the tight jacket or small, heavy bonnet that she cannot help realising is not suitable to her in the very least, though, fortified by her milliner's approbation, she has secret hopes that no one, save herself, doubts that she is most comfortably and suitably attired.

And yet becoming older, after the first unpleasant shock is over, is not half so disagreeable a process as one might believe.

Sometimes we are forced to envy the pretty faces and becomingly-dressed figures we see flitting about at tennis or in the ballroom. We wish for their light spirits and their endless capabilities for exertion and pleasure; but in our soberer moments we remember the uncertainty of their futures; we recollect our own fierce agonies when we were first disillusioned and when we discovered the miseries, the wickedness, and the falsities of the world at large that looked so fair and so honest to our young, innocent eyes; and we are thankful that we have nothing more to learn, and have found out for ourselves the weakness of human nature, and are able to be tolerant as we never used to be, and can see even through the darkness and blackness of sin and suffering, and know that there is good in everything and everyone, if we only choose to look for it.

We began our dissertation by saying that nothing was more difficult to realize than that we were becoming older; and yet, on mature reflection, we think we have found out a positively infallible method, and one that will teach us the truth even quicker than our glass or our baptismal register. For when we begin to find ourselves wondering gently if we are quite as right as we once thought we were, if we pause to think that most likely others have as much right to their opinion as we have to ours, and if, above all, we cease to believe implicitly in ourselves and have faith in the wisdom and foresight of others, and, furthermore, find ourselves believing in the purity of others' motives and the power of Time to put crooked things straight, and to open our eyes generally, we can be quite sure that we are ceasing to have inconsequent, hot-headed, illogical, impetuous youth as our sole guide and companion, and that we are really and truly becoming older and wiser.

And if it is hard to find that we are no longer young, that beauty has left us, and that we are well over the first half of our course, we can console ourselves with our store of knowledge and kindly feeling, while we know that we are of much more use in the world, and to our own especial part of it, with every step we take, even though that step begins to falter just a little, while we understand that each stage of our career but developes from the one immediately beneath it, and that life is as interesting, as full of the best interests as ever, though we are forced to realise for ourselves that we are really becoming older.

THE ANGRY TREE.—There is a curious plant called the "angry tree," growing in some parts of Nevada. It was brought from Australia, and resembles a century plant. When transplanted it shows signs of resentment, each separate leaf standing up in every direction, like the hairs on the tail of an angry cat. At such times it gives forth an unpleasant odor, like that of a rattlesnake when teased, and sometimes it is fully an hour before its leaves resume their natural condition. Another curiosity in the plant world is a peculiar kind of weed which grows in the Arkansas Valley. It is shaped like a ball, and varies in size from one foot or less in diameter to five or six feet, some specimens being as tall as a man. When ripe these balls snap off their stems, and go tumbling over the prairies with every gust of wind. They present a very strange appearance, and in the distance hunters have mistaken them for bisons.

Wife—"Toast all right, darling?" Husband—"Done to a turn, pet." Wife—"How (hesitates)—how is the coffee?" Husband—"Perfection." Wife (trembling)—"Not so good as your mother used to make?" Husband (calmly)—"My mother never knew how to make coffee at all, precious." (Tableaux.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A valuable hunting dog owned by a Wallingford, Conn., man, was recently compelled to divide his attentions with a little spaniel added to the household. But the dog did not take kindly to the innovation. A few days ago both dogs were missing for a time, upon a search being made it was found that the old dog had dug a deep hole in the ground and had put the unwelcome intruder into it, and when discovered was covering up the hole as fast as possible. It is told that when the little fellow was rescued his would-be murderer showed much discomfiture and shame.

The other day 12,000 crates of choice southern fruits and vegetables were deliberately dumped into the Atlantic ocean just outside Sandy Hook, in order to keep up the current prices in the city. Think of the hundreds of sick people in hospitals, the thousands of them and of hard worked women and the ill-nourished little children in the tenement houses, and think of those 12,000 crates of the "kindly fruits of the earth" emptied into the ocean at the very threshold of the city in order to keep up prices! Strange that bread should be so dear and human lives so cheap!

A New York paper states that the dogs in the city's pound are to be killed by electricity, without waiting for the new law as to capital punishment to work. An electrical expert of the Board of Electrical Control has suggested procuring a gas engine, a dynamo, and a hopper somewhat similar to the top of an old-fashioned coffee mill. Two sides of the hopper will be of zinc or other highly conductive material, and the two poles of the circuit will be attached to them. The dogs can be dropped into the hopper, and, as they come in contact with both zinc plates the circuit will be completed and the animals will receive their death-shock.

The strange habit of an Albany, N. Y., woman of using the cemetery there as a dormitory on special occasions has just come to light. According to a paper there, the woman in question is a widow named Briggs, whose husband died about eight years ago and was buried in the cemetery. For some time she has been in the habit of making two-day pilgrimages to her husband's grave. She always carries with her a sufficient quantity of food to last through her vigil, and blankets to serve as covering during the night. She claims she spends the night in converse with her departed spouse.

A daughter of the Marquis Tseng, of China, married lately, and as is customary on such occasions "a procession of the goods of the bride took place. The procession was headed by four servants on horseback, bound around the chest with silk bands, followed by the bride's brother on horseback, and he again was followed by a commissary of the police with four officers, two carrying chains and two bamboos; then came a full band of musicians, followed by carriers, with 120 tables containing the presents, and the rear was brought up by a host of friends in carts. The furniture and heavy goods were not, as is usual, carried through the streets, the new home of the bride adjoining the old one. Some days previous a similar procession, although less imposing, took place of the goods of the bridegroom."

A Troy, N. Y., paper reports this incident:—"A young man who until recently had lived at the house of his father, married a few weeks ago and went to live in other apartments. Soon after, at the end of his day's work, he bought an evening paper and climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering the familiar precincts, he went to washroom, made his toilet and presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching him curiously, eyed him with amusement, and at last his mother softly inquired: "Robert have you already procured a divorce?" A flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly changed to crimson. Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, he hurried out and walked rapidly to his own abode, where his young wife was impatiently and anxiously awaiting him. He had forgotten that he was married."

A Canton, Ohio, correspondent telegraphs that "Leon L. Leutzenhizer, who mysteriously disappeared from home seven weeks ago, has just returned ragged and dirty, and relates a romantic tale. He says that on the day of his disappearance a tramp approached him at the Fort Wayne station and putting out a handkerchief held it to his face. He became unconscious, and when he recovered was in a cattle car with three tramps and two boys. He was kept in the car until Altoona, Penna., was reached, when he and his companions were taken to a house in the woods, where there were ten other boys and two tramps guarding them. The youths had all been kidnapped and held for ransom. All attempts to get away were in vain until one night, by feigning sleep, he managed to elude his captors and escaped. He was pursued, and one of the tramps fired a shot that missed him. Young Leutzenhizer reached Altoona and informed the police, who arrested the tramps and set the boys free."

When the will is ready the feet are light.

Our Young Folks.

THAT TRAGIC UMBRELLA.

BY PIPKIN.

"MAMMA, let me have father's umbrella—a man's umbrella is ever so strong."

"But out in a strong wind, my boy," objected mamma, and hesitating for a few moments.

"And in a tomtit's hands," laughed Master Frank's brother Jack.

"I'm not a tomtit, nor is Maggie either."

"Well, what are you?" quizzed Jack.

"We're wiser than you—girls always are," piped Maggie; at which Frank scoffed saying—

"I'm not a girl, you silly!" and turned to mamma.

"Willie Grey called me a muff last week when I stayed at home from school because it rained."

"A very good name for you, and Maggie, too," said Jack, snapping his fingers in the face of seven-years-old Frank, at which both small school-goers looked their scorn, but answered nothing.

"Mamma, a man's umbrella is so strong, do try us; we're not babies, you know," pleaded Master Frank."

"Well dear, you shall try; but I'm afraid you'll come to grief," assented mamma.

"Come to grief, mamma? how you talk!" returned Frank, slinging his school-bag on his shoulder with the jaunty air of a warrior buckling on his armor.

"Well, dear, nothing venture, nothing lose," smiled mamma; reaching the umbrella from the stand.

"Why do you say lose, mamma? We shall win, see if we don't."

"Win what?" jeered Jack round the corner of the door. But Frank was busy with the umbrella.

"Now, dear, let me see if you can open it."

"Just as if a big fellow like me couldn't open an umbrella," grumbled the boy. "Come Maggie."

At this, Maggie, a dainty miss of six, in close-fitting hood and faultless attire, carrying a slate full of sums under her arm, stepped out with the air of a duchess under the sheltering umbrella.

"It's as nice as nice, after once we've started," said Frank reassuringly.

But the wind, like a sly old fox, kept jerking the man's umbrella in a very unsatisfactory way even at the the beginning.

"Grief I foresee,
Fiddle de dee"

grinned Jack peering through the window when they had started, and went passing up the street.

"Be careful and keep it well to the wind;" so mamma's words went straying after them through the rain-drops.

"All right, mamma—'tis ever so jolly," shouted Frank from the depths of the umbrella and the door was closed upon them, and they were fairly breasting the storm.

"Grief! fancy our coming to grief!" said Frank; "big boys always thinks little ones are duffers."

"And they think girls nobodies," piped Maggie, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, girls aren't much," said ungallant Frank; then the two set their faces like flints against wind and storm, and went on a while in silence.

"I don't think mamma has much faith in us grumbled Frank; "'tis time we did something for ourselves—I mean to show she's mistaken."

"Oh, Frank, take care!" cried Maggie.

They were at a street corner, and that sly fellow, the wind was waiting for them there, and without warning, pounced upon them like a tiger.

"Oh, Frank, we shall go up!" screamed Maggie, between laughing and crying.

"No, no, we shan't, silly," quoth he, and trying to reign the trickey umbrella, which strove in its turn to dance a jig to the tune of the merry wind. That failing, it tried to bolt upwards, and fairly took the boy off his feet at last.

"Hold on to me, Maggie, or I shall be off," said he, twirling around like a teetotum, umbrella and all.

Maggie clung to him with all her might, but the umbrella was setting them both at defiance.

"Is that where you're off to youngster?" cried a shop-boy, bolting out of a shop near in his apron, and catching the unruly umbrella out of the boy's hands, just as he really was lifted off his feet, let Maggie tug at him as she would.

"No, you know that's—we're off to school," said Frank, just a little mortified.

"Well one would have most thought you were bound for the moon by the way you were handling the thing; you just give an umbrella its head around and you are done for. Keep it stiff to the wind, and especially round corners. Here carry it so and shuffle round."

Once more the pair started and the shop lad stood in the rain to watch them. Another squall, and the umbrella began to dance again.

"You aren't man enough for a house of a thing like that," said the boy, skipping after them again, and setting them right."

"Yes, I am; I was only pretending," quoth valiant Frank.

"Pretend away, then," was the response and the shop lad returned to his shop.

"'Tis fun, is it not, Maggie?" asked Frank.

"Yes—yes, I think so," returned the little girl, and now they were at another turning.

Well, the wind carried them round, whether that was their way or not; it was all very like a joke to see how they went scudding along, the rain pelting down and dashing at their heels.

"Hallo! don't poke a fellow's eyes out," cried a grocer's boy as they bolted along, and nearly knocked him over. "'Twas a near shave you didn't have one of them out."

"Well, you see folks with their heads under umbrellas can't be expected to see who is near them; they should look out for themselves," returned Frank as the went whirling past.

"Oh, my dears!"

Their umbrella was entangled in a fringe of a lady's jacket; it twirled her around and made her stagger against a butcher boy, knocking his meat off his tray into the mud of the street, and he himself tottering against a sweep, and the sweep fell over a dog; and the dog shot between an old gentleman's legs and down he fell. And all the while Frank and the lady were fumbling over that tangled-up fringe and the umbrella.

"Ho, ho!" cried the policeman seeing how the people ran together, "what's the matter up there?"

"A boy has been and knocked a lady down," answered an urchin who thought he was telling the truth.

"Then that want's seeing to," said the policeman, and away he ran towards the spot.

He was just in time to see a boy and a girl sweep on under an umbrella, carrying a tassel-like fragment of a lady's jacket fringe away on top of it; that was all, save an old gentleman somewhat bespattered with mud, rubbing his knees and looking after them.

"I thought there was something the matter here?" observed the policeman to him.

"Oh, no," only those two little flying Dutchman of children knocked us about a little," smiled the good-tempered gentleman.

"Now, then, do you know you're a dangerous couple, you two!"

It was a good-natured-looking farmer accosted them this time, and brought them to a standstill, both heads peeping out from their canopy.

"What did you say, sir?" questioned Frank.

"That if your umbrella top had been a dagger you'd have stabbed me to the heart; ha, ha!"

"Well, you see, sir, folk don't carry daggers on their umbrellas; so there was no danger of that," returned Frank.

"No, I should think not, or you two would not be at large with one."

The man peered into the depths of the umbrella, and went laughing on his way.

"'Tis no laughing thing, the way we're treated by people; one would think they knew that we were trying to do our best, and that mother only half trusts us."

"Oh, I say! what fun! We're not going to school; we have taken the wrong turning, and are going home again."

So cried Frank presently, as the umbrella lifted itself on the wind, as if to reveal where they were.

"Have a care, my boy, have a care," spoke a clerk, darting bare-headed past them on his way to the post-office through the rain-drops, as the boy was trying to turn the umbrella, which seemed very much averse to this, and made as if it would fain flee home, and remain there out of all this nonsense.

"Won't you turn?" spoke Frank, as to a living thing, giving it a jerk.

Whereupon, down it suddenly dropped into a puddle, and poked out one or two of its bones, very like an undisciplined child throwing itself on the floor in a passion, and kicking out its feet at its offenders.

"Oh, I say, here's a pretty go!" cried the boy, eyeing the obstinate thing rather ruefully, as it lay on the ground.

"What will you do now?" asked Maggie, girl-like, looking up to him as the stronger and wiser, being a boy.

"Oh, make the crazy old thing go on; 'twill never do to go home now—Jack would laugh so."

"And mamma would be vexed."

"Yes, and perhaps the umbrella is not much damaged. Mud will brush off any day when it is dry. And Kitty may be able to stitch the old bones right again; she's no end of a clever girl if she does grumble about foot-marks and all that."

"Yes," said Maggie, "best go to school, and try to be brave."

"Here goes!" cried Frank, and began to raise the prostrate umbrella. Ha! up it sprang with a caper, the wind aiding and abetting it; why, it tried to fly on like a great bird with fluttering wings, only the wrong way, inside out, and even then it fluttered.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Frank, because he would not cry, and keeping firm hold of the handle, while Maggie screamed.

The wind was having a cut at her now, and carried away her hood, made her stagger, tossed her hair out of all ladylike order, and sent the rain, like a last thrust, plash, dash, over her slate, washing out the tangle of sums, which had puzzled her brain the evening before for an hour or more.

"Oh, Frank, my hood is gone!"

"I say, the old thing is done now;" so they spoke together, the wind, sweeping round the corner, screaming as if with laughter, and buffeting them as in wild sport.

They could hear hurried footsteps approaching them from behind, sounding as if someone was trying to overtake them.

"Please, sir, can you make this umbrella shut up, or do something?" pleaded Frank, little thinking whom he was addressing in his hour of trial.

"Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish! So you've come to grief."

It was Jack, the prophet, and Frank knew not whether to laugh or to cry.

For the first thing, the elder brother made a dash after the young lady's hood, which he overtook, as it lay wallowing in a puddle.

Next he took the wreck of the umbrella out of Frank's hands into his own.

"Now, why are both your noses turned homeward, instead of school-ward? Surely you were not thinking of yielding to a prankish umbrella?" inquired Jack, muffling Maggie's head in his pocket-handkerchief, and putting the disgraced hood in his pocket.

"Oh! no, of course not; we only took the wrong turning, that was all," replied Frank, who thought well to put on as bold a face as possible.

"A wrong turning. I should think so, and your precious umbrella trod in your steps; the old thing is done for now;" and Jack laughed at the dishevelled-looking object he held in his hand.

"You're real mean, that you are, to watch a fellow so," mumbled he, as through his closed teeth.

"Ah! dont quarrel with your best friend; here I am, shielding you from wind and weather with my own 'umbernell,' as the old woman said, and getting my own back wet. "Now, what do you say to turning right about face, and going to school? for there is Master Willie Grey eyeing you in a most unsatisfactory manner across the way," laughed Jack.

Ah! so he was: that was the cruelest cut of all to Frank.

"Well, Master Muff have you had enough?" was the taunt that wandered across the street to him.

"Come on, and don't heed him: that's the way to silence such puppies," advised Jack. And on the way to school, with the two young ones tucked in close to him under his umbrella, he advised Frank further.

"Now don't play Master Froggie again," said he, "and think you're able to puff yourself into an ox, or you may burst something worse than father's umbrella next time."

"Not his skin," piped Maggie.

"No, but somebody's heart. Pleasing self, and thinking self somebody of great importance, has done strange things before now for many others."

And mamma said, when Frank sobbed in the evening, and told her, "'Tis a perfect wreck, mamma, a perfect wreck!"

"Better a wrecked umbrella than a wrecked life. 'Tis the old, old story, so often repeating itself, of wanting to run before you can walk."

LOSING A SISTER.

BY M. A. BROWN.

HAVE you a baby at home—not a tiny baby, but a baby about three years old? If you have, read this story; but if not, stop at once for you won't understand it.

You know then, if you have a baby, what a tyrant that baby can be, and you also know that the easiest thing where the baby is concerned is to look up to it as captain and obey orders.

Now there was a baby in the Drake family, and it was just the biggest and the jolliest baby you can imagine; but it was also the most energetic baby that ever existed.

It was not able to say very much, but whatever it did say it said several times, so that no one should forget it.

It did not think very much either; but all the same it held very decided opinions on one or two points.

For instance the Drake baby was absolutely certain that her brothers Christopher and Matthew (or "Mattie" as he was generally called) were sent into the world to do nothing but amuse her.

There was one very good thing, and that was that both the boys were so fond of the baby that they were very willing to spend their time with her.

Well, one afternoon the baby offered to take her brothers for a walk. I say she "offered to take them," because you cannot say they took her when she was the captain—or, rather, the captainess—of the party.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the little party wandered on and on, without noticing how far they were getting home. The baby, of course, didn't trouble herself about it, and she kept her brothers so busily occupied that they forgot all about the time and the distance, until she suddenly announced that she was hungry. Then the boys remembered that they were getting hungry too, and that it must be near tea-time.

Then Christopher noticed for the first time how late it was getting, and how far they had wandered.

He turned his face homeward at once. That was an easy thing to do; but it was by no means so easy to get the baby to do the same.

Christopher persuaded and coaxed; but the baby pursued her way undisturbed. Then Mattie proposed carrying her. This of course, suited the young lady, and the boys took her in turn, until their arms ached, and they were obliged to rest.

By this time they were nearly half-way home. They all sat down on the trunk of a tree.

Baby for once was still, for she was beginning to feel rather sleepy. Presently Mattie picked up a big branch, and putting his small legs one each side of it, pretended that he was riding on a horse.

"Baby ride! baby ride!" shouted his small sister.

"You shall ride," said Christopher. "Mattie do you see that big bough? Let us fetch that and sit baby on the end, and drag it along."

"Hurrah!" cried Mattie, "now we shall get on famously."

It was no sooner said than done. Baby was seated on the leaves and branches, and told to hold tight, and the boys pulled in front.

"Gee-up," cried the baby, very pleased,—"gee-up."

"Now pull hard, Mattie," said Christopher and the party started off.

But baby was getting tired, and very soon she began to cry.

"Let us sing to her," said Mattie.

Christopher agreed, and the two boys started a school song.

Very soon after the sobs ceased, and the baby was quiet. The boys sang vigorously.

"Keep on, Mattie, and don't look round at her, or she will begin to cry again," said Christopher.

"This bough seems to get lighter as we go along, instead of heavier," said Mattie, when they were very nearly home. "The singing must help us to forget the weight."

So, happy and cheerful, the party arrived at the cottage.

When they reached the gate Christopher ran to open it, telling Mattie to bring the baby in. It was by this time quite dark.

"Come along, baby," said Mattie. There was no answer. "Why, she must be asleep—no, she isn't. Why, Christopher, she's not here at all!"

"What nonsense!" said Christoher she must be there."

But Mattie was right, the baby was not there.

They fetched a light and looked about. Surely it was not possible to lose a baby; but it seemed so for this baby could not be found.

Mattie began to cry, and Christopher fetched his father and mother and told them the trouble.

The father stared.

"You've lost the baby!" he said and he really seemed to think that Christopher must be joking.

But when he realized the truth he quickly fetched lanterns, and set out with Christopher and his mother to hunt for the baby. Mattie was left behind. He was too tired to set out again, but he could not rest indoors, so he stood in the dark, sobbing and crying at the gate. He was all alone, but he was not frightened for himself, only for the baby.

Time passed very slowly. It seemed to Mattie as if he had been waiting five hours, when he really had not been more than fifteen minutes.

All at once he heard some not a very great distance from him, say, "Gee-up, gee-up." Mattie started; it sounded like the baby's voice. Was she coming home? He opened the gate and walked across the road. He could see nothing, but again came the voice, "Gee-up Kistopher."

Now Mattie was sure it was the baby.

Forgetting the darkness he walked along the road in the direction from which the voice came, and held out both hands, but he could feel nothing.

Just as he was thinking of going back again he heard the voice a third time, and now it sounded quite near.

Then he remembered the ditch by the side of the road, and, feeling his way; he crawled on his hands and knees to it, and very nearly rolled on to—what do you think?—why the baby!

Mattie shouted for joy and his shouts were answered by his father and mother, who were returning for more help.

You may be sure they very soon picked both Mattie and the baby out of the ditch.

How did the baby get there? It was easy to guess. She must have fallen asleep, rolled off the bough and then rolled into the ditch.

The wonderful part of it was that the fall did not wake her; but then the ditch was not at all deep, and, as Christopher said, "It took a good deal to wake that baby, once she was off to sleep."

She wasn't a bit hurt, but she was about the blackest, dirtiest baby you ever saw. But if you think that stopped them from nearly eating her up with kisses, you—but of course you won't think so, for we settled at first that you had a baby at home, and you will know what you would have done yourself under the same circumstances.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—Much has been written on the subject of meteors and noises, which, in most cases, if thoroughly looked into, would be found to have no mystery at all about them. A professor recently recorded that, at a certain hour each day, one of the windows in his house rattled in the most violent manner. On consulting the local railway time-table, he could find no train running at the hour specified. But, on examining another table, which included a separate line, he learned that a heavy train passed at the time at a distance of several miles from his house. He then referred to the geological formation of the ground between the two points, and at once saw that there was a ledge of rock from the passing train that rattled the windows.

THE most positive men are the most credulous, since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their fairest flatterer and worst enemy—their own self-love.

THE ANGEL'S PROMISE.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

I mourned alone in the quiet night,
And the stillness echoed my endless sighs;
I wept for one who had taken flight
Away to the kingdom of Paradise.

On earth no more should I see that face,
No more in my own press that well-loved hand;
My dear one had found a resting place
Within a brighter land!

Then, suddenly, close to my side there stood
A form in wondrous radiance clad;
Its face wore a smile that was sweet and good,
And my soul at the sight grew calm and glad.

"O mourner," the glorious vision said,
"Thy sorrowing cease, and weep no more,
For one whom thou look'st upon as dead
Has only gone before!

"Afar from the world and its grief and care,
In the regions where death can never be,
Is that vanished soul, and together there
Ye both shall dwell through eternity!"

Then the vision passed from my awe-struck gaze,
Yet it comfort left in my lonely breast,
And its words have brought to my ling'ring days
The balm of peace and rest!

ABOUT NICKNAMES.

The bearers of historical nicknames belong to divers ages, and come to us from widely varying countries. The annals of the Roman Empire afford two notable examples.

We should hardly recognize by his real name of Caius Cæsar the infamous Emperor Caligula; and yet that designation was in its own day only a nickname, derived from the *caliga* or sandals of the common soldiers, which the young son of Germanicus had worn during his childhood in his father's camp.

Hardly more familiar to us is either his real name of Bassianus, or the title of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, assumed with the purple by Caracalla. In spite of his aversion to the appellation, which we are told he regarded as an insult, this equally ignoble emperor remains known to us by the name of another article of dress, the Gaulish cloak (*caracalla*), which he was fond of wearing, and introduced into the army.

In later days, a French king was so universally known as Philip Augustus, that the title of Philip II. would hardly establish his identity. The addition of Augustus was, however, only a nickname due to the month of his birth.

The monk's hood (*capet*) which distinguished Hugues Capet before he ascended the throne, gave a designation not only to an individual but to a dynasty; even as the floral badge of their ancestors, the broom, or *Planta genista*, distinguished in English history a long line of kings—the Plantagenets.

The names of certain celebrated Christian teachers also fall within the scope of our investigation. One of the greatest of the Fathers of the Church, John of Antioch, is known to us by the epithet of Chrysostom (signifying in Greek, golden-mouth), in allusion to his eloquence.

It is recorded that his sermon on one occasion produced so much enthusiasm, and so carried away his audience, that, regardless of the incongruity of time and place, they burst out into expressions of applause.

A peculiar practice, affected especially by scolars and divines, became common in the age of the revival of learning—namely, that of substituting for the real name the Greek or Latin synonym.

For example, in accordance with this pedantic custom, the son of a Dutchman of the name of Gerhard (signifying amiable) comes to be known to us by its equivalent in both the dead languages as Desiderius and Erasmus.

Two other theologians of the Renaissance who went to England in 1548 to assist in the translation of the Scriptures, are similarly distinguished by translations of their patronymics. Kuhorn was easily rendered (by the two Greek words which signify respectively "cow" and "horn") into Bucer; while the German Buchlein (beech tree) found the equivalent of his name in the Latin Fagius.

Even where the name did not lend itself to translation, it was customary to give to it as far as possible a classical sound and to add a Latin termination. By this means it happens that one of the names best known to the student of divinity is preserved to us in its Latin form Calvin, and many would hardly recognize the bearer by his real name, Chauvin.

We may now pass disregardless of the ties of chronology, to some instances of epithets applied to certain individuals in Roman history by reason of some special quality or achievement. Two instances of inherited fame first present themselves.

Britannicus, the unfortunate victim of Nero's hatred, was so called from the victories which his father, the Emperor Claudius, gained over Britain. The designation of Germanicus also came by inheritance to its bearer by reason of the conquest of the German tribes by his father, Nero Claudius Drusus.

Legends, too well known to require recapitulation, recur to the memory at the very mention of the first Scævola (from the Latin *scævus*, left-handed), whose right hand had been sacrificed in defence of his country's foe; and of the original Brutus (irrational), who was obliged to simulate idiocy to escape the death which Tarquin the Proud had already visited on his father and elder brother. Personal valor at the siege of the Volscian city of *Corioli* obtained for Caius Martius, then a common soldier, the title of Coriolanus.

A less noble hero, the half-mad leader of the Neapolitan revolt of 1647, is distinguished as Masaniello, a contraction of his real name, Tommaso Aniello.

No reader need be reminded of the celebrated Robert Macgregor, whose sobriquet of Rob Roy (Robert the Red) reminds us of the nickname of Rufus (the Red) which clings to a king of England, and the Barbarossa Red Beard) which distinguished a German emperor.

Perhaps no class of men have been so frequently known by their nicknames as the disciples of art, especially the Italian painters. Certain it is that many of those who know something of the names at any rate by which celebrated artists are usually known, would find their powers of recognition taxed to the utmost were they to see a catalogue of some famous gallery where the painters are all designated by their real names, and where, instead of the familiar Raphael and Titian, they must look for Santi and Vicelli, and in place of Perugino and Correggio, they find Vanucci and Allegri.

A family trade, which would seem to promise little in regard to art, gave to Andrea Vanucchi, whose perfect execution gained for him in his own day the title of "the faultless," the appellation of del Sarto (of the tailor).

Tintoretto (the little dyer), again, is the diminutive applied in childhood to the son of Robusti, a Venetian dyer (*tintore*).

The name of one painter, Ghirlandajo, is said to point to his former occupation as a goldsmith, and to his supposed invention of the silver ornaments in form of a wreath (*ghirlanda*) which became the fashion with the ladies of Tuscany.

Grains of Gold.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.

The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul.

If there was no future life, our souls would not thirst for it.

Losses are comparative, imagination only makes them of any moment.

Thou mayst esteem a man of many words and many lies much alike.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it; for error is always talkative.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness, too much insensibility creates crime.

One seldom speaks of the virtues which one has, but much oftener of that which fails us.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.

A man who loves only himself and his pleasures is vain, presumptious and wicked even from principle.

Art, as far as it has ability, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master; thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

Sensibility would be a good portress if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

Femininities.

The ruby is the most valuable of precious stones.

The modern skeleton in the closet—The bustle at night.

The open-air wedding is the bridal of the passing month.

Queen Victoria has a yearly income from the British people of $1,925,000.

The new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she is too young to show much reflection.

A paste of earth and water is a rough-and-ready but valuable application after the sting of a bee or wasp.

Since I cannot govern my own tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongue of others.

Flower weddings are the outcome of the suggestive color dinners. Only one kind of flower is used for the decorations of a flower wedding.

Two crossed silver battle-axes, supporting a gold shield surrounded by a wreath of the same material, form an attractive design in brooches.

In brooches, a silver horse, in repousse, in the act of springing over a pasture fence, is one which will be appreciated by all admirers of horseflesh.

She: "I wonder why those people opposite stare over here so much?" He: "I suppose they are trying to find out why you stare over there, my dear."

An odd bookmark is a section of a leather strap in silver showing the buckle. The two pieces of strap jutting from the buckle serve to hold it in position.

If soot happens to be dropped on a carpet, throw down an equal quantity of salt and sweep all off together. Thus treated, the soot will hardly leave a trace.

He: "Why does that Miss Jaundice always wear lilies of the valley?" She: "I can't imagine—particularly as flowers of the plain would be so much more appropriate."

Debutantes of the season are called "Debbies," according to abbreviating slang. If they do not go off in the course of a season or two they are called "Tarriers."

A unique brooch represents in variegated colored gold the Tam O'Shanter cap now so fashionable. The rakish plume which adorns it is handsomely embellished with tiny stones.

The face of a woman, whatever be the force or extent of her mind, whatever be the importance of the objects she pursues, is always an obstacle or reason in the story of her life.

Clara: "Why do they speak of the young men about town, Ethel, as 'gilded youths?'" Ethel, whose fifth season is rapidly slipping by: "Because they are largely made of brass, Clara."

Minister, dining with the family: "So your mamma doesn't want you to eat more than one piece of pie, Bobby?" Bobby: "No, sir; except when we are visiting. Then I can have all I want."

Proverbs about women: "Women are never at a loss for words" is German. "Three women and three geese make a market," Italian. "Foxes are all tail and women are all tongue," French.

At West Point during the evolution Miss Gusher: "Just too sweet, aren't they?" Miss Rusher: "Perfectly lovely! And only think how delightfully exciting it must be when they really kill each other."

Miss Ethel, confidentially: "Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?" Miss Clara, with enthusiasm: "Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money!"

Young housekeeper, to butcher: "Have you roast beef?" Butcher: "Yes, ma'am." "Do you keep it on the ice?" "Oh, yes, ma'am." "Then you may send me some. My husband told me only this morning that he is very fond of cold roast beef."

Clara: "Mr. D'Ude proposes perfectly lovely. I do not believe I ever received a proposal that was so beautifully worded as I received from him last evening." Laura: "Yes? He must have improved considerably then since the last time I refused him."

It was customary with girls in ancient Greece and Rome to offer, when they approached the marriageable age, their dolls to Venus or Diana. Many of those ancient dolls, made of wood, clay, ivory, or wax, have been found in tombs of Greek and Roman origin.

"Miss Howjamee," said the agitated young man from Jersey City, "if you only could look with some degree of favor upon me! I know I express my feelings but illy—" "You certainly do not express them welly, Mr. Ferguson," replied the coldly critical Boston young lady, "and it would be better, perhaps, to change the subject."

Cook, just leaving: "I should like to ask you for a written character." "Why, what am I to write, you idle, good-for-nothing creature? You surely don't expect me to say that you gave satisfaction?" Cook: "You need do nothing of the kind. Just say that I stayed with you three months—that will be the best character you could give me!"

The output of the Birmingham, England, pin mills is thirty millions a day. Other factories in that country have a capacity of seventeen million pins per day. France turns out about twenty millions a day, and Holland and Germany ten millions each. The pin machines cut the wire to pin size, head, point, polish, sort and stick them in the papers.

The first carriages used in England were called whirly-cotes. They appear to be about as old as the middle of the fourteenth century, for history informs us that King Edward III. appeared at the tournaments in Smithfield "in a triumphal car;" and that when Richard II. was flying before Bolingbroke, his mother rode in a carriage, with a canopy supported on pillars, and surrounded with curtains that could be drawn up at pleasure.

Masculinities.

A man as he manages himself may die old at 30 or young at 80.

A corner in honey—Behind a screen at a party with a pretty girl.

He sued for her hand before marriage, and her hand sewed for him after.

Our eyes when gazing on sinful objects are out of their calling and God's keeping.

When a man is 25 he thinks he knows everything; when he is 45 he wishes he knew something.

It is customary among the Turks to anoint the beard with perfumes and to smoke it with incense.

There is no man who is not better or worse to-day by means of what he thought, designed or did yesterday.

If all men knew as much as most men think they know, the encyclopedia people would be driven out of the business.

Why is it that men who eat a great deal are always proud of it, while men who scarcely eat anything are constantly boasting of the fact?

A young miser. Bride: "Give me a kiss, Harry?" Harry: "No, that I cannot do; but I will loan you one—if you will return it."

Day began at sunrise among most of the Northern nations, at sunset among the Athenians and Jews, and among the Romans at midnight.

By doing good with his money, a man stamps, as it were, the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

The following appeared lately in the agony columns of a daily paper: "Dear Tom—Come immediately if you see this. If not, come on Saturday."

"What were the last words of Brigham Young?" asked the teacher. "He never had any," replied the smart bad boy; "he was a married man."

A man's reputation for wisdom does not depend one-half so much upon his knowledge as it does upon the skill he has acquired in concealing his ignorance.

Nurse, to father of triplets: "Ah, sorr, they be perfect little gems!" Father, dubiously: "Yes, but give me solitaires in preference to clusters every time."

Bessie: "Papa, what is a 'shock' of hay?" Papa, who hasn't been in the country since he was 12 years old: "Ah, er—it's when a barn is struck by lightning, my pet."

It takes three weeks to perform the marriage ceremony in Japan. Just think of it! It must require at least an hour and a half at that rate for the bridegroom to kiss his mother-in-law.

A New York contemporary says that if real "swells" want to be "really English," they must carry their respective left hands buried to the wrist in their respective left trouser pockets.

When Jones came into the room unexpectedly, Mrs. Jones gave a scream and exclaimed: "You frightened me half to death." "Did I?" was the unfeeling reply. "Suppose I try it over again."

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them.

"You asked me to bring you a little pin money," said a young husband to his wife. "Yes, dear," said the lady, expectantly. "Well, to save you the fatigue of going out in this hot weather I have brought the pins instead."

Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of 25, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

The recently deceased Emperor William of Germany attributed much of his good health to the fact that he ate very slowly. It is said his mother enforced the habit when he was a boy by ordering that every mouthful served at the young Prince's table be wrapped in 20 different pieces of paper, which he had to remove before getting his food.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made the one and the tailor the other. Don't judge him by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

"I saw such a beautiful sky this afternoon," he said, dreamily, as they sat and made love together. "Was it blue?" she inquired, eagerly. "Yes, love, with a delicate white fleece." "And, oh, Harry, did it have lovely, soulful eyes and a dear little cunning black nose?" "I am talking of a heavenly blue sky," he said, gravely. "That's the kind, dear! Oh, won't you try to get it for me. I'm just dying to have a blue skye! They are such sweet pets."

A man who wants a wife for a companion should have an ideal well established in his mind. If he is shrewd and understands human nature well he will have no difficulty in finding her, but she will not be among those who are not what they seem. In most instances men of the "cynic" sort find their ideals among the plainer and more unassuming women. These are never so hard to understand, and are more likely to remain much the same after marriage as before. The woman who studies to deceive the man in regard to her natural disposition, form or complexion, may expect, if she succeeds in getting a husband, to find him a disappointed man, and her life less rosy than she anticipated.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Record Grand March" is a very fine tho' easy musical composition, by G. W. Stretch, dedicated to Wm. M. Singerly, Esq., of *The Record*.

"Eugenia, a Friend's Victim" is number two of the Elite Library. It is Alton Huriba's. It is no better nor worse than thousand's of other novels and will well serve to pass an idle hour or two. The Wells Publishing Co., New York.

"Pictures of Hellas" is a series of stories, partly drawn from old Greek narratives and partly original. Written by the famous Danish author, Peder Mariager, they have been well translated by Mary J. Safford. Lovers of historical novels will find the book particularly rich, interesting and valuable. Published by Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

William Shakspeare, Portrayed by Himself." This is a work that purports to show that the great dramatist has outlined his own life in that of one of his principal characters. Robert Waters is the author, and his volume is chiefly remarkable as going to prove how a case can be ingeniously presented when an earnest attempt is made at it. It will repay perusal as a curiosity it producing neither benefit nor conviction. Published by The Worthington Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones for July, published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston, by The Russell Publishing Co., is out, and contains thirty stories and sketches for the child minds. It is a prettily-illustrated, delightful little magazine for the nursery.

St. Nicholas is as full of charming juvenile stories as usual. There is a distinctively Fourth of July story, called "Ringing in the Fourth." "Dogs of Noted Americans" contains cuts of those owned by John Burroughs, T. R. Aldrich and Frank Stockton, all of them being drawn by the latter. "Recollections of the Naval Academy" gives a full description of our prospective naval officers. "The Little Six," by Eugenie M. Camp, of this city, tells how some children raised a sum of money for the Ohio Valley flood sufferers. "A Japanese Lullaby Song" tells how to manage babies in Japan, and gives a native version, with the music. The poetry is especially good, and the other departments are as strong as usual. The Century Co., New York.

The July *Forum* is a strong number, especially noticeable for the timeliness of several of its articles. In an elaborate paper Senator George F. Edmunds reviews the present political situation. Senator William E. Chandler, in "Our Southern Masters," says the Union is saved in form, but "the South is in the saddle and it means to stay there." The other contributions are, "How Can Wages be Increased?" by Edward Atkinson; "English and American Manners," by T. W. Higginson; "The Stuff Dreams are Made Of," by Dr. M. Clymer; "Moral Principle in Public Affairs," by W. L. Trenholm; "Romanism and the Republic," by Monsignor Leon Bouland; "The New Battle of the Books," by George Pellew; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Prof. L. H. Ward; and "The Bugbear Trusts," by Henry Wood. The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth avenue, New York.

One of the best stories that has been given in *Lippincott's Magazine* since the plan was adopted in that monthly of giving a complete novel in each number, is furnished for the July number by William Henry Bishop, author of "The House of a Merchant Prince," etc. It is a story of mystery and adventure, with an exciting plot, and the characters are well drawn. The story is laid in Mexico, and the descriptions of interesting sights and scenes in that picturesque country add very much to its attractiveness. Among the other excellent features of this number, Judge Tourgee's series of legal novelettes, "With Gauge and Swallow," is continued by a thrilling story entitled "A Bill of Discovery;" "My Experiences as an Adventuress," is a charming bit of gossipy autobiography describing the misadventures and makeshifts, and yet the delights as well, in the life of a literary *bohemienne;* there are three good poems, and the departments are as entertaining as usual. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The Century opens with a frontispiece of Pasteur and his granddaughter, in connection with an article on "Disease Germs and How to Combat Them," with a sketch of the eminent savant's career. "Sinai and the Wilderness" is an international Sunday-school lesson, with Biblical illustrations. Seasonably with the Gettysburg reunion are four sketches and two poems, one by a northern and another by a Southern soldier. "A Note of Peace" is a sketch of the reunion, and a curious story by Brander Mathews is entitled, "On the Battle-field." In the war series is the career of the Confederate ram Albemarle, and the blowing up of it by a torpedo. The two great illustrated serials, the "Life of Lincoln" and the Siberian papers, are continued in this number. Mrs. Van Rensellaer's cathedral article this month is on "Litchfield Cathedral." The last but one instalment of Dr. Eggleston's novel "The Graysons" is given, with Lincoln as one of the characters. The Century Co., New York.

THE delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's powder, commends it to all ladies.

Told on a Violin.

BY L. C. D.

HURSTWICK GRANGE had never perhaps looked more lovely. So thought Netta Hurst as she stood on the edge of the shrubberies, and cast a look of passionate affection back at the long, low, half-timbered house, with its battered black and white, almost shrouded in the tangle of roses and clematis that climbed to the tip of the broad, overhanging gables, and hung from the quaintly-twisted high chimneys. Never, never had the dear old home looked fairer than to-night, when Netta must leave it forever.

It was the old, old story. A good old race gone to ruin. Her indolent grandfather was the victim of a long line of spendthrift ancestors.

He had neither the energy nor the will to struggle against an inheritance of debt and extravagance, and so Hurstwick had passed into the hands of strangers, and after to-morrow, for the first time in three centuries, there would no longer be a Hurst of Hurstwick Grange.

All Netta's sixteen years had never known a grief like this before. Her orphanhood was too long back to have left a sad memory.

A life with "Gran" and invalid Aunt Alice had been too uneventfully happy to call for a single heart-ache.

"And to-morrow John Warton will be the owner of it all!" she murmured to herself, clasping tighter the antique inlaid violin-case she carried under her arm. "If it were any one else, one might stand a stranger at Hurstwick; but a Warton! the son of my grandfather's lawyer! Oh! how little I thought long ago, when he used to play with me in these very woods, that he would grow up to be traitor enough to buy them for his own! And to-morrow—to-morrow we shall be homeless beggars, and he will be master of all, even my precious Strad!" and she pressed her soft fresh lips to the dark wood of the old violin.

But the sun was sinking. With a gesture of resignation she took the instrument from its case and began to play.

The sorrowful yet exquisitely sweet notes of Schubert's "Adieu" wailed out on the still evening air. It was the touch of a school-girl, yet with a certain depth and breadth in some of the passages that startled one by their boldness.

A young man in knickerbockers and shooting-coat, striding over the little low gate to the meadow, stopped short as the wild pathetic notes fell upon his astonished ear, and retraced his steps in some wonder.

Under the arch of trees at the entrance to the wood stood a young girl in a shabby black gown rather too short for her. Her floating hair stood out like a dusky aureola against the crimson of the sunset sky.

At sight of him she stopped abruptly, and the hand that held the bow fell to her side.

"Are you the wretch?" she asked, with a grave simplicity.

"Not that I'm aware of," returned the recipient of this unusual salutation. "My name is John Warton, at your service."

"Yes; that is what I mean. You might have waited till to-morrow, I think, before you came to triumph."

"Why, bless me! it's little Netta!" cried the unabashed youth. "How you have grown since I went away to Oxford! Triumph! I don't think I quite understand you."

"What, when you have bought the old place over our heads, and are turning us out!"

"Upon my word! that's a little bit strong. The place was for sale! There—that is, your grandfather had to sell it. Why shouldn't I have bought it as well as any other man?"

Netta's sentiment rather staggered under this straightforward logic. "But you—you! a Warton," was all she could murmur.

"You mean it's not a place for a lawyer's son?" he asked, trying to keep his eyes from dancing. "Ah, well! if your ancestors had followed the advice of mine better, Hurstwick would not be changing hands to-day. Come, Miss Netta, be reasonable. Isn't it better that the Grange should come to one who loves the old place dearly, than go to utter strangers, who would tear it down, perhaps, and build a red-brick villa?"

Netta's brown eyes softened. "Love it?" she echoed. "Ah, but not like I do!" Then she shuddered. "Tear it down! Oh, hush!" she cried. "It would kill me if you changed one single thing."

"Trust me. I'd cut my little finger off sooner. Look here—" and his voice grew very gentle as he looked at the great eyes, wet with a moisture they tried to hide—"Just tell me what you want left untouched and I give you my word no one shall meddle with it. Of course the roof must be mended; but, perhaps you won't mind that."

"Oh, I don't care for the roof! But the old elm by the corner garden;—I know its toppling, and the seat underneath is rotten, but it was there mamma parted from my father when the regiment was ordered abroad, before I was born, you know. He never came back——"

"I know—I know! I'll prop up the old tree, and it shall stand for another hundred years. Anything else?"

"Oh, yes, the broken sun-dial. Sir Ruby Hurst put it up the year King Charles died."

"It shall stay broken while the world lasts. Any more?"

"Ah, if you wouldn't mind letting the dolls stay where they are in the doll's house!"

Warton's face flushed.

"Your dolls' house! but then you'll take that with you!"

"Oh, no. It's a Queen Anne one, and valuable; I believe it goes with the house. Oh, everything goes; even my violin. It's a Strad, you know, and has been in the family a hundred years. Do you play? If you do, perhaps you'll use it yourself, and not let other people have it."

Warton walked away abruptly. When he came back, his bright honest face was clouded over.

"See here!" he burst out. "I never had an idea of this, Miss Hurst. I don't wonder you look upon me as a ruffian; you make me feel one. I never thought I should regret buying Hurstwick, but, if I could, I vow you should have it back to-morrow. Really, you know, I'm not to blame for all that's happened, I never was sorrier for anything in my life. Won't you shake hands and say you don't bear me any malice?"

Netta looked for a moment gravely at the strong, young hand held out before her, then she laid her own in the hearty clasp that closed over it.

"I never thought I should shake hands with the new owner of Hurstwick," she said reflectively, "But I see I was wrong; you are not to blame after all, and you've been kind. I'm sorry I called you a wretch."

"And you'll finish that 'Adieu' I interrupted?" he begged

Netta's face changed. "Yes, if you'll go," she said.

So Warton went, but, truth compels the confession, no further than the shelter of the nearest oak tree, until the last sad note of the farewell had died out upon the perfumed silence of the summer air.

It was quite two months before he took possession of his new kingdom, and he seemed in no hurry to begin his reign. A troop of workpeople had been turned upon the place, but the elm and the sun-dial had been secured from their ravages by threats of the solemn nature.

The night of Warton's arrival, he spent an hour or two rambling among the low gambled chambers as if in search of something.

At last he came upon a long oak-panelled room, with a scattering of childish possessions about it. A tall doll house stood with forlornly open doors and an air of desertion about the quaint faded fittings up.

Warton sat on a stool before it and stared at it for a long time in gloomy silence. A gaily-dressed doll, about the length of his finger, had fallen from an arm chair in the parlor and lay face downwards, on the carpet before the mansion.

Warton carefully picked her up, and smoothed her silken garments carefully with his big fingers and placed her scrupulously back in her vacated arm chair.

On a table lay an inlaid violin-case. The next day it was traveling southwards to an obscure London address, with "No use to me—you'd better have it" written on the card within the lid.

Fours years passed by. Warton's regular hampers of game and fruit brought back occasional notes of thanks, and kept him *au courant* with the Hurst news. He knew when old Henry Hurst died, and how Netta supported herself and Aunt Alice by her music.

Warton had become a favorite with the country, who had at first looked rather coldly upon him.

One night, old Lady Treshman was scolding him for not marrying. "At thirty, too, and Hurstwick crying out for a mistress!" she said laughingly.

Warton laughed too, but as he rode home he suddenly brought down his hand on his mare's shoulder with an emphasis which sent that nervous animal dancing for half a mile.

"Why, she's grown up by now!" he muttered. "It's quite time." And then he smiled a little under his thick moustache, and hummed a bar or two of the "Adieu."

* * * * * *

It was a crowded morning concert, and Miss Hurst, the fashionable drawing-room violinist, had just finished a wonderful passage in her finest style.

John Warton pushed his way through the crowd as the murmurs of appreciative applause died away, and made his way to the slender form by the piano, which had little in its white-robed stateliness to remind him of the young violin player of Hurstwick woods.

Little, that is, but the softly banded masses of gleaming hair, and the great brown eyes which raised themselves to his with a glad smile of welcome.

"How pleased I am to meet last!" she said. I have so often longed to thank you for all your kindness to poor old 'Gran.' Yes and for this," and she lovingly smoothed with her finger-tips the polished wood of her old violin.

"Then you do begin to forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she said, looking up in surprise. "Oh, that! What a silly, rude little person you must have thought me. I often laugh when I think of my tragic upbraidings, and of how patient and kind you were to my childishness. I did think you an ogre, you know. And how is the dear old place?"

"Dear as ever. Very jolly. The May-trees are all out, you know, and the blue-bells are blue in the woods."

"Ah! And what changes have you made, I wonder?"

"Changes? Why, there hasn't been a single turf changed. Of course there hasn't—didn't you ask me not? though the elm tree is really more props than anything else now, and will probably kill me some day, if there's a sou-west gale; and the sun-dial has lost its head, out of compliment to King Charles, perhaps. Changes!—did you think I could make any?"

The brown eyes were fixed on him with a look which made John Warton wildly wish he could be turned to stone then and and there, if only that would rivet that tender gaze on him forever.

"And you really remembered—you really did what I asked?" she said, at last, but in a low voice that had a little tremble in it. "Ah! but it was foolish of me. I forgot changes must needs come. Don't let that old promise bind you any longer if there should come a need for a change."

"Thank you very much." John Warton's moustache quivered a little. "It's odd you should happen to say that just now, for, to tell you the truth, I do contemplate a change, and I should not think of making it unless you gave your consent."

"And what change is that?" she said, her eyes still on him with their kindly, friendly gaze.

"A wife. Hurstwick needs its mistress, and I need her too."

"Yes, yes; of course."

She took up her violin again, and rested it against her slender shoulder, turning her head away from him.

He had lost the delight of that steady look, and he crossed over to her left hand, hoping to meet it there again; but the white lids were drooped.

She began dreamily to play some plaintive, half-hushed melody, like a slow, saddened whisper.

"And who is to be mistress of Hurstwick?" she asked.

"Do you need to ask me that?" he said, stooping closer to get a better view of the sweet face which still kept turned from him. "What do you suppose I've been waiting till now for? Did you think I would give any one your place? No one but you shall ever be mistress at Hurstwick Grange."

The whispered melody stopped short with a jarring discord. The hand that held the bow dropped to her side.

"If" she said, looking straight at him now at last, "If"

People started and looked round, wondering what had made Miss Hurst play flat. Then the clatter of cups and spoons and the soft flow of voices took up their burden again.

"Yes, you; of course you. Why, who else could it be? Say yes, Netta; don't keep me in suspense like this, there's a darling."

A flood of crimson rushed over her neck, and up to her brow.

"You shall never marry me from a sense of justice!" she said. "No, nor only to make me Hurstwick's mistress."

She raised the violin again, and began to play the "Adieu!" but he caught her hand.

"Not that; no, not that!" he said eagerly. "Marry you from a sense of justice! What do you take me for? Don't you know I've loved you since the day when I met you in the wood? that I've only waited till now to tell you so? Haven't I cherished every little spot you loved, and taken care of it for you until you should come back to it? On my honor, if you won't take me and Hurstwick too, I'll never go near the place again, since you dislike me still too much to live there with me."

"Dislike you—oh!" she said. "I've never seen any one to compare with you since that day in the wood. I think you've been my hero ever since."

"Then, Netta——"

She flashed at him a smile that was curiously blended, and took up her bow again. But this time the melody took another strain. It was the "Bees' Wedding" that she played.

And John Warton took that for an answer, and was satisfied.

ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.—Elections in France are all held on one day, and that day always a Sunday, in order that artisans and peasants may vote without inconvenience or loss. No man, moreover has more than a single vote, and should he happen to be on the register of two constituencies he would incur a heavy penalty by voting in both. This is a logical corollary of universal suffrage. A man does not vote as a householder or owner, but as a citizen; and residence, not property or tax-paying, is the sole qualification.

He goes some days before or on the day of the poll to the Mairie with a rent receipt or some other document establishing his identity, obtaining a card which he hands in with his voting paper to the poll clerk. So many cards, so many voting papers and frauds are occasionally detected by a discrepancy in the numer of each. The vote is not really secret. Outside the polling places (usually the municipal school) stand men offering printed voting papers, ready to be dropped into the urn without any cross or tick. These agents are so zealous in proffering their wares that the elector commonly accepts them all, and as he walks up the corridor flings down all but the one he intends to use. The result is that as the day advances the ground or floor is thickly strewn with these rejected papers.

Newspapers, moreover, contain just before the election a row of voting papers, which have simply to be cut off and be ready for use.

The only condition is that there must be nothing printed on the back. The elector walks up to the desk with the paper simply folded, hands it to the clerk and the latter drops it into the urn.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who was recently poisoned by the use of bad water of Gibraltar, has long had a passion for quack medicines. He is something of a hypochondriac, and is always dosing himself with some patent nostrum.

Humorous.

SPICE OF LIFE.

Fishes are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs his own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tales,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.

Does seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays them open to scorn;
No nephew or niece fancies ants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quill;
Though orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bills;

Sick ducks never go to a quack;
A horse cannot plough its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window ne'er suffers from pane.

—E. J. C.

Winter resort—The fireplace.

A stable character—The groom.

Rick-ety structures—Haystacks.

Flowers for heiress-hunters—Mari-golds.

Was Noah's celebrated craft lighted by an arc lamp?

The paper with the largest circulation—Bank-note paper.

The highest pitch of the voice—The place where it sticks.

Why is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure?—Because it holds a gal-on.

When a man is deemed reliable out in Montana they say "He'll stand without hitchin'."

A dentist has been defined as a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to bite.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill?—One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

A little girl, in Lewiston, who was ill the other evening, called her mother to her bedside and said piteously: "Mamma, I am awful sick; I just swallowed upward."

Hostess, to young Spriggins, M. D.: "Doctor Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?" Dr. Spriggins, absent-mindedly: "Oh—er—let me look at it, please!"

Before you call attention to the fact that a pig has no use for his tail, please remember that you have two buttons on the lower back of your coat that don't button anything.

When a young lady gets married her father or some relative generally gives her away, but when the courtship is in progress the younger brother frequently manages to do it.

A young gentleman who had written to a nice girl offering her his heart and hand, but who had not received a reply, pensively said he was living "in one of the doubtful States."

"Ah, dear," he said tenderly, "how can I leave you and go to my cheerless and lonely abode?" "If you make haste, George," replied the girl, with a glance at the clock, "you can go by the last car."

Dr. Heavybill: "You may thank your stars, sir, that doctors in these days don't bleed patients afflicted with your malady as they used to do." Patient, dubiously: "I'm not so sure that they don't, doctor."

First Chicago woman: "Have you been to any of the Daniel Tee lectures?" Second Chicago woman: "You mean the Dante lectures, I guess?" First Chicago woman: "Yes, that's what they call him; but I think such familiarity shows mighty poor breedin'."

At a picnic. He, with a bunch of wild flowers in his hands: "Ah, my dear Miss Serene-yellow, what kind of posies will you choose?" She, in a perfect twitter: "Oh, Mr. Smith! Oh, te, he; te, he! I will choose pro-posies." Mr. Smith sinks into the earth.

A man lately denounced a noted politician in the following delightful tangle of figures of speech: "He is like the ass in the Scriptures—he has fallen between the two stools, and, if he doesn't climb down pretty quick, he'll find the place a great deal too hot for him."

"What did you do for milk?" asked a friend of a New York lady, referring to the recent milk famine. "Why, we took hot water, and looked at it from a scientific point of view," was the reply. "It is 87 per cent. milk, you know; that is to say, milk is 87 per cent. water, which is about the same thing."

An American in London was taken on a round of calls by a friend, and at every house he was asked to partake of afternoon tea. At last he could stand this no longer, and, in reply to a lady who offered him a cup, he replied: "Thank you kindly, ma'am, but I'm up to my back-teeth in water already."

'One o' my hired men has got a notion he wants a fiddle," said an agriculturalist to the dealer. "What might that secon'-hand one in the winder be worth?" "That's a Stradivarius; its worth $2,000." "I'll speak to the hired man about it," said the farmer, as he backed out of the place; "he may not like that make."

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir; "I thought it was mine!"

A young German officer rather new to his work was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command, "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, which of course was close to the right leg of his neighbor. "Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the officer, "what jackanapes has lifted both his legs?"

ARISTOCRATIC BABIES.—A rich baby's layette now costs $500 or $600, and includes soft silk warp flannels handsomely embroidered, fine knitted shirts of snowy wool, beautiful hand-wrought dresses, not frilled and heavy with embroidery and lace as formerly, but made of the finest French nainsook, tucked and hemmed by hand, with rows of drawn work as fine as lace, and pretty stitchings of briar work in fine floss all wrought by hand, with real lace edges of narrow Valenciennes, and costing, plain and simple as they are, sometimes $5, $60 and $75.

A wrapper, shawl, and little sacque of fine silk flannel, embroidered with forget-me-nots in the delicate blue of the natural flowers, or white daisies with yellow centres, a little cloak of heavy white silk, wrought with the same fine briar stitchings in silk, rows on rows, a little close cap of the same material, embroidered all over with tiny silk sprays, and tiny silken socks of pretty tints are included in the layette, which is as dainty as a mother's loving fancy can design.

The baby basket is a mass of lace, frills and ribbons and thin muslin, lined with pretty satin or silesia, and costs all the way from $5 to $50. The bassinet, or cradle, is another pretty bauble of brass or white willow, white enamelled, canopied with satin and lace, and with linen furnishings hem-stitched as finely as a lady's kerchief, and covered with a soft silk quilt of down.

One noted baby born in New York not long ago had a cradle of mother of pearl in the shape of a sea shell, with legs and handles of solid gold, lined with amber satin, and with a canopy of satin and rare old lace falling from a gold frame work and sweeping the floor. The linen was hem-stitched and edged with real lace by the fair hands of the happy mother. Five sets of diamond buttons, six gold rattles, a solid silver toilet set, solid gold safety pins, diamond amulets, and rings enough to cover every little finger and toe were among his baby presents.

Then there's the christening and a robe which costs from $100 to $1000, a mass of rich lace and fine stitching, sometimes made of point lace, and, like a wedding dress, worn at the ceremony and never worn again.

THE WOMAN'S PART.—In Zuni land, in the great South-west, the woman makes the first advances looking toward marriage. The woman raises the family. She transmits the name. She sends to the youth she chooses a basket of meal or peaches, and if he is inclined toward her he forthwith makes a present of "primary consideration," consisting of a pair of moccasins of a whole deerskin, beautifully dressed and snow-white. That signifies that she is provided with shoes for life. The skin is placed over the foot and then rolled around the leg and strapped down with delicate thongs. You can always tell a newly-married Zuni woman by the large roll of deerskin, and by the small silver buttons that adorn the leggings. Whenever the foot-piece wears out it is cut off and the roll replaced. When the women become old the roll is small. The only sanctification of the marriage is the formal adoption of the young man after the acceptance of the bundle. He is then the step-son of the girl's father.

"Now, boys, I should like to have you call each other by your right names. Don't say 'Sam' when a boy's name is 'Samuel,' or 'Lem' for 'Lemuel' or 'Dan' for 'Daniel.'" A small boy just then raised his hand, and, when asked what he wanted, said, "Please, sir, may I sit with Jimuel?"

"WHAT is this man arrested for?" "Cruel to animals, yer onner," replied the officer. "In what did the cruelty consist?" "Well, yer onner, he's a hostler, an' ivery toime I goes past the stable I hear him singin' 'White Wings' and 'Swate Vi'lits,' with the mules all tied up, so niver a wan av thim could escape." "Fine him the limit," said the judge.

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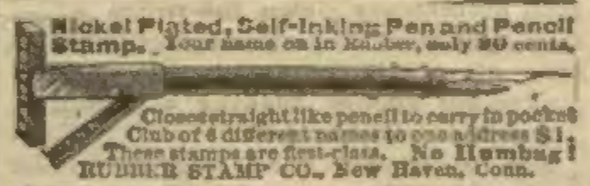

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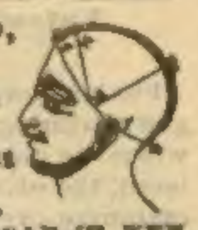

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Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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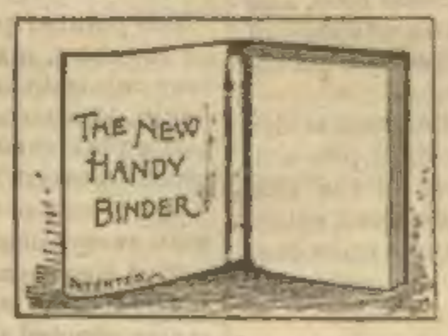

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Latest Fashion Phases.

For tea-gowns at present the modes suggest charming devices and caprices; among which we may chronicle one graceful garment, the "Empire," with its open white cashmere overgown or cymar caught together at the breast, or an underdress smocked to a peak below the waist, in the form of a Swiss belt; both over and undergown are trimmed with a narrow line of black ribbon velvet.

Another charming gown in which a touch of Eastern or Mediæval inspiration reveals itself in the square hanging ends of the long over-sleeves, open from the shoulders, is composed entirely of silk in two shades of green, smocked at the throat and wrists, and clasped in at the waist with a Roman buckle while the over-gown is of darker green.

A more elaborate design that would serve for an evening dress, is of primrose or lime blossom silk, fashioned into a tight Princesse robe, and veiled in front by a classical drapery of Liberty gauze, the gown itself being adorned with delicately broidered borders in silk and gold.

Simpler tea gowns are made in cashmere of any color, with honeycombed yoke and full sleeves honeycombed from elbow to wrist. These may be worn closed, or opened over a silk petticoat, as the wearer pleases; but, pretty as they are, especially in cream color, they are more suitable for the morning than for five o'clock teas.

A sumptuous dinner-gown in the Louis XIII. style is of chestnut-brown velvet, slightly open in front, over a gold brocade skirt, and bordered on either side with old Roman point. The peaked, square-cut bodice, such as we always associate with the swan throat, meek eyes, and drooping curls of Louise de la Vallière, has open sleeves caught together at the elbow, and the whole dress is becoming and dignified without being affected in its originality.

Less splendid, but perhaps more fascinating, at all events, for a girlish wearer, is a toilette composed of those first two shades of a summer dawn, grey and primrose. The skirt draperies of primrose gauze, exquisite in its softness and glisten, are caught in festoon folds; and the bodice is very quaint, and somewhat after the cross-over fashion, one side of grey Indian silk being confined by a wide folded sash of primrose gauze, embroidered in its self-color; while the short "curtain sleeves," as our grandmothers dubbed them, are caught high up on the shoulder with knots of grey ribbon.

A very charming evening frock, as distinct from a dinner gown, is a modification of the Greek costume in thin white silk or crape, with crossed braces, and girdle of silver cord, looping up a tunic of silk, enriched with a dainty border wrought in silver; while the crossed fronts of the bodice below the waist form two short paniers similarly adorned.

A Josephine toilette, evidently taken direct from the model, is graceful, but remarkable, with its embroidered tunic opening over its full-gauged frock, with very short sleeves; and still quainter is a clinging, sleeveless pseudo-Hellenic robe of white silk, lined with yellow, and with two side-wings of yellow gauze, fastened to the arms at the shoulder points and wrists.

We question if this be not too original to suit many wearers, and as a matter of simple taste, would prefer an exquisite fabrication of silken cream gauze and pearls, with its much-draped Princesse robe, and its draperies caught in folds on one side of the neck, and confined again somewhat below the waist.

Another very graceful white gown is also sufficiently bizarre, with its light low cuirasse bodices, recalling those of the 13th century; with its twisted silk cord round the hips its little ripple of supple folds over the bosom, and its skirt set in multitudinous pleats.

A really beautiful dress it is in its two shades of pale grey, the soft cashmere cunningly blended with the Venetian silk, its Spanish jacket with tight half long sleeves and small high collar, and fully draped cashmere robe with its looped tunic and gathered sleeves underneath.

Two more elaborate designs for visiting gowns are even more alluring, the first being a long polonaise of fawn cashmere, open in front and pulled back into folds, so as to show its lining of olive-green silk over a straight paneled front, bordered with Turkish embroidery. The full sleeves are caught into wide turned back cuffs, and the whole dress has a touch of cavalier times about it.

The other gown we have mentioned is singularly rich in color and in conceit, being fashioned in Venetian silk in two shades of terracotta lined with dull amber; borderings of beautiful Turkish embroidery form the waistcoat and cuffs, and over the bodice is worn a short jacket, tapering at the waist in two long slender points, lined with the amber silk and falling almost to the knee. The hat to match is trimmed with a panache of ostrich feathers and the Turkish embroidery is somewhat of the Henry II. shape, but with a rather wide turned down brim.

A fascinating tennis gown is of white flannel or cashmere, embroidered with amber, and made with a Breton vest, the square neck of which shows, drawn up above it, a chemisette or Italian shirt of fine gathered white Indian muslin, and which might well be a real shirt, thus permitting the removal of the vest in the house or during play. The skirt is very plain, with a draped, long tunic, arranged so as not to hamper the wearer's movements.

A simple and a pretty frock for a young girl not yet out has a looped-up cashmere smock, forming bodice and tunic over a plain skirt, the very full sleeves being smocked from the elbow. This little dress is a connecting link, as it were between the more gorgeous garb we have noticed and the charming little smocks for children, whereof there are many, slightly differing in the method of their adornment, but all very similar in general effect and make, all suitable, comfortable and pretty.

The bonnets and hats are very dainty and becoming, albeit they run rather in one groove of large shady brims and puffy crowns of gathered silk. Surely small toques and such gear would be quite as artistic and more generally acceptable than these wide spread hats which are not suitable.

One novelty, however, is irresistibly charming; a shot, iridescent gauze, which in pink and grey is almost as charming and mysterious in effect as the shifting and gleaming tints of a pigeon's neck. A little bonnet entirely made of this gauze is a welcome variation on the wide brimmed hats; but in truth, both it and they need an addition to render them completely charming, provided of course, they went with a pretty dress in harmony with the head gear, and that the wearer was worthy of her attire.

So general is the redingote style becoming that even indoor dresses are made in this way, notably a charming model of a boudoir-gown in vieux rose cashemire de soie, with a plain train and a broad band of gold embroidery down the fronts where they open over the petticoat of the palest blue glace silk bordered with narrow pinked-out ruches, making a trimming from six to eight inches deep.

The full fronts of the corsage pass under the point of the embroidered waistband and fall over the front of the skirt in long ends tipped with bead tassels. A deep embroidered collar, terminating in points on each side of a narrow velvet plastron nearly concealed by a coquille jabot of white lace completes this very elegant model.

Embroidered tabliers are fashionable with all kinds of dresses, but especially so with dinner toilettes, and are of all widths, from a narrow nearly straight band not more than twelve inches wide at the edge, and either pointed at the top, or square, that is of the same width throughout, to the wider tablier or petticoat.

In this instance the petticoat is of mauve cashemire de soie, embroidered with silk in the same shade and silver.

The pointed plastron caught off square on the chest, matches the petticoat; the corsage and train are of Louis XVI. brocbe pekin, in alternate stripes of almond green and a pink shade of cream, with sprays of brocbe flowers in mauve and green.

The fronts of the skirt are turned back with revers of almond green faille, and the puffed sleeves are of the same material.

The toilette is a good model of the plain styles adopted with the extremely rich fabrics in wide stripes and large patterns which French manufacturers are now making.

Odds and Ends.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

So much artistic taste has been bestowed long on any thing that can add to the beauty of dinner table decorations that it would seem as if there was nothing new to remark on.

There is always, however, a certain amount of change, and novelty and originality are as much sought after here as everywhere else.

Endless trouble is taken to find a new idea and to carry it out well. Naturally some people must always be more successful than others in this, in the same way as they dress better, have prettier rooms, and given the same materials, make more of them than their neighbors.

Such persons, whether they entertain in the city or country, are certain to be noticeable for the beauty and general arrangement of their dinner table. This is a subject under much discussion, and a good deal of rivalry.

Much can be done by good taste; it is not absolutely necessary to have beautiful table ornaments, or rare greenhouse flowers and plants. Some of the prettiest dinner tables we have ever seen were those whose decorations cost nothing but time. Wild flowers of every kind were the materials used.

In Spring primroses were the great standby, but then there were whole banks of them arranged in moss around satin of either primrose color or the faintest shade of green.

In summer long branches of copper beech would be arranged flat on the round table in the form of a star, while the small bright yellow briar roses laid on the brown leaves made an effective contrast fern leaves arranged in the same manner, with China roses to lighten them, or foxglove and fern also look well; while in autumn bramble leaves of every shade of russet-brown and red, with filberts growing on the branch, rose hips, even small red fungi would make a bit of coloring worthy of being painted.

Of course materials such as these need tasteful arrangements and hours of work, but repay for the time and trouble taken. Even big ox-eye daisies and field grasses, arranged in flat boquets to lie on the table, and tied up, say, with bows of blue ribbon, have a bright and pretty effect.

A colored ribbon arranged in curves and lines on the table, with these boquets laid carelessly on it also looks well.

Rough wicker work baskets, 4 or 5 inches high, made if possible of unpeeled willow, and in shape of a small hamper, look well for these harmonies in field flowers.

These hampers should be filled with some such flowers as daffodils, and the lids should be half open, as if the flowers had forced them up, and tied back with large bows of ribbon to match in color the flowers used.

Six or eight of these baskets would be necessary on a dinner table for about a dozen people, and their very roughness is their charm, for this they look well gilt or silvered, the unpeeled willow has the best effect when wild flowers are concerned. It is wonderful how pretty decorations like these, that really cost nothing can be made to look.

Any quaint idea is also much prized if well carried out. In a place far north, where flowers are rare, and where a few silver or china ornaments were available, an unique arrangement of moss and fungi was hit on, and had the most artistic effect, the moss covered the whole centre of the table; in the green moss were stuck toadstools and fungi of every shade from the flaming red to the spotted yellow.

It looked much prettier than it sounds, and it was voted a happy thought.

In the same way nothing can be more appropriate than sprays of seaweed to adorn a yacht dinner table. Those who have not seen the exquisite flowers and wreaths now made out of seaweed, can hardly believe how beautiful they are. Not only is it thoroughly in keeping with a yacht, but damp does not effect it.

There is not much new in the way of menus. The most fashionable ones are like small cards with an appropriate figure or landscape in one corner. Crabs, lobsters, little books that look like a biscuit, but open and have the menu, written or printed inside, crackers out of which the bill of fare is pulled, cabbages with the dinner printed in the heart, all these are rather quaint and are fancied by some hostesses. At any rate they give the people something to look at and talk about at the beginning of dinner.

SOUNDING THE "SOUNDING SEA."—On some parts of the coast of Sumatra and the neighboring islands the fishermen test the depth of the sea, and also the nature of the bottom, by the noises they hear on applying the ear to one end of an oar of which the other end is plunged in the water. At a depth of twenty feet and less the sound is a crepitation similar to that produced when salt is thrown on burning charcoal; at fifty feet it is like the ticking of a watch, the tic-tac being more or less rapid, according to whether the bottom is entirely of coral and mud, or of sand. If the bottom is entirely of sand, the sound is clear; if of mud, it resembles the humming of a swarm of bees. On dark nights the fishermen select their fishery grounds according to these indications.

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BRASTED.—Parents wear mourning for their children as long as they feel disposed.

RESTLESS.—Let well enough alone; situations are hard to find, and we would advise you to keep the one you have until you are sure of a better.

ROX.—A note of hand is simply an acknowledgment in writing of a loan, upon which the borrower may be sued if he fails in repayment at the specified time.

ANXIOUS M.—Eyebrows meeting is a freak of nature—nothing more; it has no meaning—moles have none either. Some persons consider them disfigurements, others beauty.

WERNETH.—Warm baths alone will not do your indigestion much good. They form part of some of the treatment at health resorts; but without internal medication they will be of little avail.

P. L.—The Franco-Prussian war originated in Emperor Napoleon's jealousy of the greatly increased power of Prussia through the successful issue of the war with Denmark in 1864 and with Austria in 1866.

FLOWERS.—If there had been any previous conversation with reference to the language of flowers, or if the bouquet conveyed an obvious meaning to the recipient, we should say "Yes;" but a simple gift of flowers is not always intended to be read as a language.

DONER.—To fix the handles of your knives, make the following cement: Mix well together four parts of resin, one of beeswax, and one of plaster of Paris or brick dust. The recess in the handle should be filled with this composition; and the lower, or iron, end of the knife heated and pressed in.

SASKATCH.—The term is used with reference to an increase of a healthy tissue without any change in the quality of its constituent parts; for instance, the muscles of a blacksmith's arms are said to become hypertrophied when increased in size by use; the languor and prostration we should say were due to age.

DOCTOR.—It is not unusual in this country to choose the medical profession as a means of livelihood. It is stated that there are 150 female physicians practicing in New York; while numbers are working in other cities. These ladies practice with good results, and are known to make large incomes, quite a number earning $5000 a year.

READER.—The unicorn was one of the supporters of the royal arms of Scotland; it has been joined with the lion in the English royal arms since 1603; Selden says St. George was patron saint of England in the Saxon times; the slaying of the dragon is simply a common allegory to express the triumph of the Christian hero over evil, beheld by John the Evangelist under the figure of a dragon.

DIFFERENCE.—It is a bad sign when such questions arise between engaged lovers. If they truly love each other, they would care so much for one another's happiness that they would not willingly do anything to mar it; nor would he care to go with other ladies, or she with other gentlemen. Twice a week is not too often for an engaged lover to visit his betrothed, if he can do so without taking too much time from his necessary business.

P. M. S.—1. The man who talked of wooing Morpheus in scarlet and ermine was a silly creature. Morpheus was the god of sleep, and the writer whom you quote merely meant that one of the judges wanted a snooze. 2. Asmodeus is the limping fiend who can travel in air and look down on the inner life of every household, just as though no habitation were roofed. If you can get hold of Le Sage's queer extravaganza Le Diable Boiteux "The Lame Devil," you will see how the romancer speaks of the impish universal spy.

HAMILTONIAN.—The Hamiltonian system of teaching languages by interlinear translation, deferring the study of grammar until "a great degree of practical grammar has been acquired," was popularized rather than invented by James Hamilton (born 1769), for it was known long before his day, and was recommended by Locke in his "Thoughts Concerning Education." He acquired it from a French refugee named d'Angelis, under whom he studied German at Hamburg. We know of no modern work on the subject.

SPEECH.—You seem to imagine that a lisp debars you from society. A dentist may help you; but, if no mechanical device can supply the deficiency in your teeth, then you must not mope, but make light of your little affliction. Try to smile at yourself instead of assuming tragedy airs, and you will soon be at ease. We assure you that many very charming people lisp, and no one minds the peculiarity. One of the most successful novelists in the language actually lectures, and yet his lisp is something to remember. Cultivate good humor and drollery, try to be unaffected and charming, and you will soon become popular.

CLERK.—Bank is derived from the Italian word banco, a seat or bench; the Jews, who were the earlier custodians and dealers in money in Italy, having sat on benches in the market places of the towns. About the reign of Charles I. Jews were entrusted for safe keeping, first began in England the business of banking. Soon after the Revolution regular banking establishments were formed. Banks were in existence on the Continent at an earlier date; the Bank of Amsterdam was opened in 1609, the Bank of England in 1694, and a year later the Bank of Scotland.

CAXTON.—We are inclined to sympathize with irate parents. If ever you have daughters of your own, you will realize the awful importance of marriage. When a man has loved a girl from the time when she crowed in his arms as an infant until she reaches womanhood, you may be sure that he is very jealous about her future. To him the mere thought of poverty is like the fear of death. You seem to be a manly young fellow, and you must be fair to the poor angry father. Do not dream of a runaway marriage; that means ruin in your case. Go to work steadily, and raise yourself above the mere mechanical work of the present. You are a mere youngster at present; make yourself strong and prosperous; and, when you are down-hearted, think of the girl as a prize to be toiled for. When you are three or four years older, you may say to her father, "I have kept my word to you. I am now in a good position, and hope to rise higher. Give me another chance." If the girl is worthy of your affection, she will wait until you are something more than a love-sick boy.